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TIPPOO TIB, THE ARAB CHIEF OF THE MANYEMA, UPPER CONGO.

MR. H. M. STANLEY'S EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF EMIN PASHA.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is quite curious how many of our newspapers have fallen in love with the Mahdi's epistolary style, which they pronounce to be only short, in simplicity and grandeur, of the Biblical. As a matter of fact, it is a disagreeable mixture of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" and flat blasphemy, and the only sublimity it has about it is its impudence. The repetition of the Creator's name any number of times does not necessarily imply religious sentiment in the writer; nor, because he affirms "he is more compassionate than a pitying mother" to his followers, need we forget his indiscriminate massacres of other people. Whoever was killed by the Mahdi's troops, we are told, inclusive of General Gordon, was at once consumed by fire from heaven, "and there is just another wonder: the spears carried by the Mahdi's followers had a flame burning at their points, and this we have seen with our eyes and not heard only." This may be very good for a Mahdi, but as compared with the Book of Job, to which it has been likened, it seems rather poor stuff. There are many persons among us in the humbler walks of literature who, by help of a pint of gin and a Koran, would reel off that kind of writing by the yard.

A "super" upon the stage is not the same as a super in real life. The term has been supposed to be derived from the well-known line, "the veteran lags *superfluous* on the stage," but only by persons unacquainted with theatrical affairs. The person so designated is by no means superfluous, though he is never (in Mr. Matthew Arnold's sense) distinguished. The prayer of the negro boy, when asked to lead the revival service, "Make Thy servant conspicuous," is not even among his aspirations. He doesn't expect it. What he does expect, to judge from a recent police case, is two shillings a night. His argument is, "My genius may not be transcendent, but it is various. Without me, where would be not only your processions, your assemblies, your bands of conspirators, your triumphant soldiery, but the whole motive of a great dramatic performance? Where would Mark Antony be without his mob of excited citizens? The Third Citizen is the very last player to whom any individuality belongs, and even his name seldom appears in a playbill, but it is we—the nameless ones—whose presence gives interest to the scene. If Mark Antony should address only three citizens the audience would roar with laughter; it would remind them of a mock auction. Then, think of the violence done to the feelings of a gentle law-abiding super who has to simulate the most atrocious sentiments, not exclusive of incitements to murder and arson, as in his 'Burn, fire, slay!' He has his political ideas like other people, yet they have to be utterly ignored. How would 'the Conservative working-man' (more familiar to us, perhaps, on paper than in real life, but still existing) like to denounce monarchy at the top of his voice, and demand the blood of kings? In revolutionary pieces (I name no names, but there is one 'on' at this very moment) it is for *us* the hero dies, the heroine weeps. What rubbish, what affectation, when they get five hundred times our nightly salary!" The Magistrate seemed struck by this disproportion, and, when the solicitor for the prosecution hastened to say that the super's work was "what anybody could do," observed, "Nevertheless, in the piece in question (a military one), I suppose a certain amount of martial bearing is required?" "How could we have it," exclaimed the super pathetically, "when the management made us cut off our moustachios?" The Magistrate, who, perhaps, had known what this costs (in private theatricals), was greatly moved; and so am I. Without entering into the question of two shillings or eighteenpence a night (which is what is now agitating the world of supers), it does seem hard that a gentleman who is compelled to part with his moustachios should be only engaged by the night. If a longer contract is impossible (because some plays are so short-lived), could not a system of half-pay be devised till this ornament dear to the wearer from the first, and which "grows upon him," comes into being again?

There are younger actors now-a-days on the stage than the Infant Roscius. One of them, aged one year and ten months exactly, is now not only supporting its mother, but puzzling the lawyers. They don't know whether its dramatic talent can be utilised by its parent or not, without a license, because it is merely carried on and off the stage (as "Bootles' Baby"), and does not articulate. Can crying, when it is natural, be called "acting"? The piece is said to be side-splitting; but what will delight the legal fraternity in the matter is this hair-splitting. The case should be interesting to the general public as instancing the youngest breadwinner in existence—except the infants that are let out for begging purposes, and those who, having had their lives insured, are "overlaid" by calculating parents. If this infant phenomenon continues in the profession, what an experience she will have to draw upon! Instead of that tedious introduction common to dramatic as well as all other autobiographies, hers will begin with "business" at once. "My first engagement was in my second year." It sounds like the beginning of a conundrum.

Mr. Andrew Lang, upon the principle which makes so many of us teachers who have no personal experience of the subject we propose to teach, has been lecturing upon "How not to succeed in literature." He has given some admirable recipes to the volunteer contributor for almost certain failure, but one first-rate recommendation he has left out. In addressing a magazine editor, it will never do, of course, to be over-modest; while, on the other hand, a too great confidence is to be avoided, so that a middle course, of which the following is an example, is a very favourite one: "I do not pretend to be a person of exceptional genius, but I venture to think that the enclosed contribution will be found at least up to the average of the articles in your magazine." This rarely indeed fails to displease; but if you say "your mag." (instead of "your magazine"), failure may be said to be ensured.

How a hint in a favourite volume of fiction will set the intelligence of the young aflame has often been remarked; but this result is less usual with hayricks. A boy, however, who had been reading in "Robinson Crusoe" how that hero had produced fire by rubbing two dry sticks together, has been trying the experiment with such complete success as brought, not indeed the house (because it was in the farmyard), but two stacks of wheat and barley down. An unsympathising farmer prosecuted him for arson; but the Judge took the opportunity to deliver an essay upon Defoe, and the boy was acquitted with something like commendation. I have not a word against this judicial leaning towards literature; but it does strike me as just possible that his Lordship has been taken in by that astute juvenile. The most eminent writer of travel assures us that, though a few natives in out-of-the-way parts of the world possess the secret of making fire out of sticks, no European, without the assistance of a lucifer-match, has ever yet succeeded in so doing.

Of new winter resorts for invalids there is no end. The last place—and, indeed, one would have thought it to be the very last—recommended by the Faculty for this purpose, is "the Nile region." It is "wonderfully dry" there, we are told, presumably in reference to the "region" and not to the river. Considering what every sane person who has visited this district thinks about it as a dwelling-place, this is, perhaps, the most startling proposition for getting rid of troublesome patients that even the fashionable doctors have yet ventured upon. They admit that there is little fit to eat there, but "as for amusement there is more than enough for the lover of history, archæology, and the study of a simple-minded race." For those to whom these excitements would be too great "there is abundance of water sport." What a programme for the invalid! It is bad enough to have chronic rheumatism, lung disease, gout, and so on, but they do not necessarily involve credulity: why should it, then, be taken for granted by the physicians who cannot cure us that we can swallow any pill they choose to give us, even unsilvered, if only it is labelled "Health Resort"?

We are indebted to the Editor of "In Cap and Gown" for giving us three centuries of Cambridge wit. It is true that a great part of it is mere fooling, and might have been called "In Cap and Bells," but that is not his fault. The subject would have lacked completeness had he merely made a selection of good things; in which case he would, moreover, have been compelled to confine himself to the present century. The University wit of old was either dull at first, or does not bear keeping. The youngsters (chronologically speaking) have it all their own way. Even in the case of some who have greatly distinguished themselves in later life, there is here but small promise. The two specimens of Macaulay are not brilliant, and one may gather from them why, when he became mature, he could see "little to admire in 'Martin Chuzzlewit.'" Humour was certainly not his forte. His nephew, Trevelyan, on the other hand, shows very brightly: his satire upon the muscular school, written thirty years ago, is as true a picture of it to-day—

Conscious of power, burning for the strife,
Some pant to battle in the field of life;
But some, in spite of whiskers and of years,
Are schoolboys still, with schoolboys' hopes and fears,
Whose conversation reeks with bat and ball,
With "love games," "long field on," and "fourteen all."

Talk as you will, deny it if you can,
Cricket and rackets do not make the man.

And this outspeaking is the more to the author's credit, since his poem on the University Boat-race is one of the most vigorous in the volume. Of parody there are some admirable examples: one on Tennyson's "Two Voices"—

A still small voice spake unto me,
"Thou art so sure of thy degree,
Were it not better have a spree?"

by A. A. Vansittart and C. J. Taylor, is excellent. Mr. Barry Pain's "Poets at Tea" is charming; but far and away the gems of the whole collection are the parodies of Arthur Clements Hilton (B.A. 1873), who unhappily left us without fulfilling their marvellous promise. His "Heathen Passeur," by Bred Hard, in which he makes a cribbing undergraduate take the part of Ah Sin, beats anything in "The Rejected Redresses," or even "Fly Leaves," and contains one verse which, while closely following the lines of its original, invents even a better witticism—

In the crown of his cap were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map of the Dorian States;
And we found in his palms, which were hollow,
What are frequent in palms—that is dates.

It is a shocking thing when a book reaches a second edition and no one has ever heard of it. "No one," of course, means oneself and one's particular friends. Everyone who has lived in India, though he may not be given to literature, has heard of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and many who "do not care for poetry," by which they mean prose in couplets, have read his "Departmental Ditties." But his "Plain Tales from the Hills" seem not so well known, even to Anglo-Indians, and to English readers hardly known at all; and yet, as has been said, they are in a second edition. His style is a little affected; but style is not everything, as some people think (who also highly estimate deportment), and when you have once got over his style he leads you through pastures new: sometimes he is witty and cynical, sometimes pathetic, more often gruesome and blood-curdling, but he never fails to interest. The story "Thrown Away" would itself make the reputation of a magazine writer; and there are others quite as good. The most striking effect of the work, however, is the unfolding to stay-at-home minds of the Book of Life in India, of which, as we read, we seem hitherto to have known little or nothing.

The lot of a literary collaborator who does not work, but only gives his name to the book the other man writes, seems a charming one. Setting the immorality aside (which does not appear to be difficult), one can hardly imagine a more enviable position. He has made his reputation by some really

admirable performance, and for the rest of his life combines fame with leisure. He has the pleasure of putting a few pounds into the pocket of a fellow-craftsman, who needs it, and who may gratify himself, if he pleases, with the unacknowledged popularity he enjoys. If he has any humour, the similarity of style and thought which the critics always detect between the early and later works of an author must give him great satisfaction. It has lately been discovered, however, that there is a reverse, and a good many reverses, to this picture. The Austrian novelist and poet Meissner gave the works of one Franz Hedrich (a Bohemian, of course) to the world as his own production for thirty years, and pocketed all the proceeds except a thaler or two. But of late years Hedrich was very troublesome to him, and on his patron's death four years ago had the bad taste to claim what he called his literary rights—which was clearly a breach of contract. Of course, nobody believed him; but a corroboration of his story has now appeared which turns this farce into the grimest earnest, and affords a warning which it behoves no one who is keeping a "ghost" (as it is called in sculpture) to neglect. Among Meissner's letters is found one that runs as follows: "Hedrich is hunting me like a tiger. He claims the fortune of my children. I am his prisoner, so that nothing but death remains for me to escape his bondage." The brother-in-law of Meissner, himself an author moreover, confesses that his unhappy relative died by his own hand.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Nothing ever occurs like the unexpected; and it is equally certain that nothing succeeds like success. Mr. John Hare had the pluck to trust his own judgment, and to turn a deaf ear to the complaints of the cavillers. He believed that Sardou's "Tosca" could be made possible, if not palatable, to the English public, and he was convinced that the play could be acted without Sarah Bernhardt. And he proceeded to back his opinion by the expenditure of countless golden guineas. The English rights of this terrible drama were not sold for a song, and no one can go to the Garrick Theatre and see the magnificent dresses, the scenery, the appointments, and the *mise en scène* without being convinced that the plucky manager stood to lose a very formidable sum when the curtain drew up on the first performance, in English, of a very loathsome and detestable play. When the curtain fell we all knew that the manager had won, and that the croakers were nowhere. Hesitancy had lost, confidence had won. And why did Mr. Hare win? I will tell you. He is a man of keen and penetrating judgment. I know very few who with his experience so seldom make mistakes. He is one of that rare class of men—an unselfish manager. He goes straight for the work, not for the individual. He has no axes to grind. He does not produce plays for his own self-aggrandisement, or to advertise himself. I wish he did so a little more, for I am convinced he is an actor who "draws" good money as much as any actor in London. He is not an actor with a wife as a leading lady. He has no need to keep down Mr. Smith or to ignore Miss Jones. He does not work for himself so much as for his art, and I cordially wish we had more managers of his spirit and independence in London. At this date we do not need a "Théâtre Libre" so much as a theatre untrammelled by mere selfish conditions. So long as nine tenths of our London theatres are managed by actors, and actresses, who have their own axes to grind, we shall never have the best of the available in plays or artists. I do not count Mr. Hare exactly as an "actor-manager," because he is one of the very few actors who prefers the art of management to the art of acting. If he were to leave the stage to-morrow—which Heaven forbid—Mr. Hare would be my idea of a model manager. He has a keen eye for the discovery of talent, a marvellous knowledge of stage effect, and he is what all managers should be—liberal, independent, unselfish.

I have little doubt that Mr. Hare saw the defects of "La Tosca" as clearly as anyone. The man who gave us the first "Olivia," and who believed in "The Profligate," is not the man to pin his faith to banality. But he had an idea that Sardou's play did not depend on its loathsome detail for success. He felt that the drama was superior to the detail, that its dramatic fervour exceeded its dramatic dirt. Horrible it was, and horrible it must be, terrifying, appalling, hideous; but still it could be presented without blasphemy, without indecency, without hospital bandages. The church scene need not outrage the religious fervour of the Catholic; the torture scene need not recall the hospital dresser; the temptation scene, in Scarpia's lonely room, need not be so detailed as to drive decent women out of the theatre. So far Mr. Hare's judgment was perfectly correct. He has omitted the filth, the suggestion, and the blood-stained bandages. He has hidden the "tourniquet." He cannot prevent the head aching, but he has secured us from the pain of turning sick.

On one point I am bound to say that I venture to think that Mr. Hare, with all his care and judgment, has gone a little too far. I do not think that the play would have been decently impossible without forcing the artist aristocrat into marriage with the seductive singer. Much in the church scene is no doubt horrible, and repulsive in the original, and so is much more in the temptation scene between Scarpia and his victim. Mr. Hare and his adapters have toned down the last without altering the main motive. Why not the first? The play gains nothing by this improbable marriage: it loses everything by the mere suggestion of it. If La Tosca is married she is not La Tosca. And I go further than that. On the stage it may be said ten thousand times that the Tosca is a married woman, but not one human being believes it. It is a mere waste of words. She does not act as a wife, but as a mistress; not as a companion, but as a *cocotte*. Her whole attitude, her every action, her conversation, her jealousy, her impetuosity, her waywardness, are the characteristics of a woman bound to a man by personal fancy, not by legal or religious oath. The tie to her is a satisfying sin, not a solemn sacrament. Tosca is a creature of impulse, not of deliberation. Society has no hold upon her; self is everything.

Lastly, Mr. Hare believed in Mrs. Bernard-Beere, and he was right. She drew all London to "Fédora": why not to "La Tosca"? The manager knew his British audience well, and was convinced that Mrs. Bernard-Beere, with her marvellous vitality and superhuman strength, could sweep the board as La Tosca, and carry everything before her. People would not pause to think of the why or the wherefore. If the story of the Tosca had to be told, Mrs. Beere was the *one* actress to tell it. She succeeded beyond expectation. She came, she saw, she conquered. Her coquetry was sufficiently defined for an English audience; her terror in the torture scene was tremendous; her revolt under temptation was tragic; her despair at the death of her lover—I beg pardon, husband—was convincing. Mrs. Beere won all along the line because, just now, there is a very

proper revolt against "underacting." She knew her duty as an actress, and, like the hero Jim Bludso in the ballad, "she went for it there and then." She was not the artist to go "fooling around" and doing nothing. She had made up her mind to make her mark and be recognised, and in her tremendous *tour de force* she almost lifted the roof off the theatre. She made the head split, not the heart throb. She parched the tongue, and did not moisten the eye. Her splendid voice reverberated against the walls of the theatre, until the drums of one's ears were almost broken. She appealed to our sense of horror, not of pity. She carried us along in a whirlwind—impetuous, perfervid, irresistible; but, as some foolish person has observed, in tones of enthusiastic praise, "There was no art in her performance." I suppose he means that Mrs. Bernard-Beere concealed her art; but the question is, Was she ever at any time the woman and not the actress? Was not her art no art at all, but triumphant sublimated artifice? To compare Sarah Bernhardt with Mrs. Beere is, to my mind, an absurdity. Their methods are so wholly different. I saw the Tosca as I understood her when Bernhardt played: at the Garrick I see Mrs. Bernard-Beere. Sarah Bernhardt has not a tenth part of the physical force of Mrs. Beere; but has she not more imagination? Is acting wholly a thing of voice and lungs? or is it in this case a reading of the soul of woman—a revealing of woman's passion, pride, revenge? When Sarah Bernhardt played the Tosca I knew she was a jealous mistress, a woman of fierce, unbridled passion; a woman whose very love would breed hate, whose hate would breed revenge, whose revenge would foreshadow death. When Mrs. Beere played the Tosca I was more excited than interested, more frightened than absorbed. I don't know now very much if she loved her artist husband, or how far passion swayed her: I don't know if she felt very much when her husband was being tortured, but I know that she made a tremendous noise: I don't know how her heart felt when she was being tempted to dishonour, and if I had never seen Bernhardt in the scene I do not doubt that I should have been very much impressed: I don't know if the English actress really felt the horror of the position when the man is dead that she expects to kiss her, but she seemed to talk to him like a fallen cab-horse or to a lazy man in bed, "Get up! get up!" When Sarah expressed the shock of horror at the discovery which was her death in life, I thought I must have shrieked out with pity for her. The one actress appeals to the heart, the other to the nerves. In the old days of the Kembles, in the grand old days of the classic drama, Mrs. Bernard-Beere would have been of the school of Sarah Siddons. She is magnificent, grand, appalling. When at Liberty's shop ordering some diaphanous texture, she could say, "Does it wash?" in a tone that would make the counter-jumper leap out of his skin; but then the "Tosca" is not an old-fashioned classic tragedy. It is a tragic drama written round Sarah Bernhardt, who is as unlike Mrs. Beere in method as chalk is from cheese. To dispute Mrs. Beere's enormous physical gifts and immense talent would be folly. But surely there is a vast difference between a brilliant *tour de force* and an effort of genius. Astonished into enthusiastic admiration by the brilliant vocalisation of Patti, I must own to the bad taste of being utterly unmoved by her singing. So let me be astonished and electrified by Mrs. Beere without being touched by her tears or moved to pity by her hate. I am in a minority also in regard to Mr. Forbes Robertson as Scarpia. I do not read Scarpia as Mr. Robertson does. I do not so understand his devilishness, the implacability of his nature, his gross, silent, and smothered sensuality. Mr. Forbes Robertson is a romantic actor, and cannot forget it. A more unromantic man than Scarpia never lived. Mr. Robertson understands love: Scarpia doesn't. That is just the difference. The English actor is not politely brutal enough for the part. He is not cold enough, heartless enough, cynical enough. He has a heart—thank God for it, so few actors have it—and it will peep out. He is the guilty clergyman in "The Scarlet Letter" by nature, not Scarpia; and nature has so much to do with these things. In a word, it is a most artistic performance, but not Scarpia. Mr. Waller as Cavaradossi and Mr. Waring as Angelotti pleased me very much; Miss Rose Leclercq as the Queen delighted me. As for the mounting of the play, in every scene, in every detail, nothing could possibly be better done. It is the triumph of theatrical art over a very nasty and unsatisfying play. We all go once in our lives, when in Paris, to the Morgue; but unless we are constitutionally morbid we never go again. It will be the same with "La Tosca." Many will fear when they visit this play as Browning did when he faced the "dead house where you show your drowned":—

One pays one's debt in such a case,
I plucked up heart and entered—stalked,
Keeping a tolerable face
Compared with some, whose cheeks
were chalked;
Let them! No Briton's to be balked.
C. S.

MEMORIAL TO SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

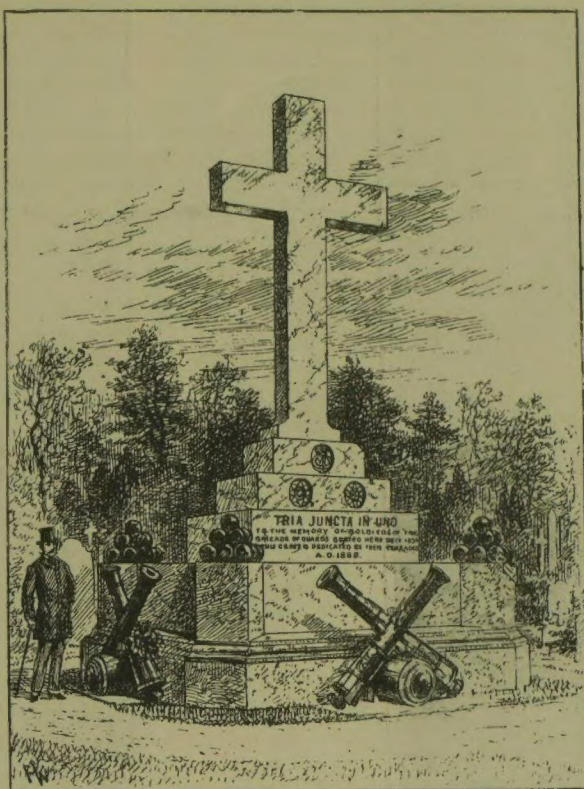
On Wednesday, Nov. 27, a mural brass memorial to Samuel Richardson, the author of "Pamela," "Sir Charles Grandison," and "Clarissa Harlowe," was unveiled, in the presence of the Master and Wardens of the Stationers' Company and of the Vicar (the Rev. E. C. Hawkins), in St. Bride's Church, Fleet-street. The memorial bears the following inscription:—

"Opposite to this spot lies all that is mortal of Samuel Richardson, printer, of Salisbury-court, in this parish, the author of 'Clarissa,' 'Pamela,' &c. Born in 1689, he became a member of the Stationers' Company, and in 1754 its master, and died July 4, 1761. 'He enlarged the knowledge of Human Nature, and taught the Passions to move at the command of Virtue' (Johnson). To perpetuate the memory of his genius this brass was set up in the year of grace 1889, the bi-centenary of his birth, by a member of the Vicar of the Stationers' Company."

The Vicar of the parish delivered a short address before the memorial was unveiled; and Mr. Joshua Butterworth, of Fleet-street, printer and law-publisher, who was the proposer of this memorial, and by whom its expense has been defrayed, made some observations. He said that the memory of Richardson was esteemed and venerated by the members of the Stationers' Company, and the Master and Wardens had rendered their co-operation in bringing about the erection of this memorial.

THE GUARDS' MEMORIAL.

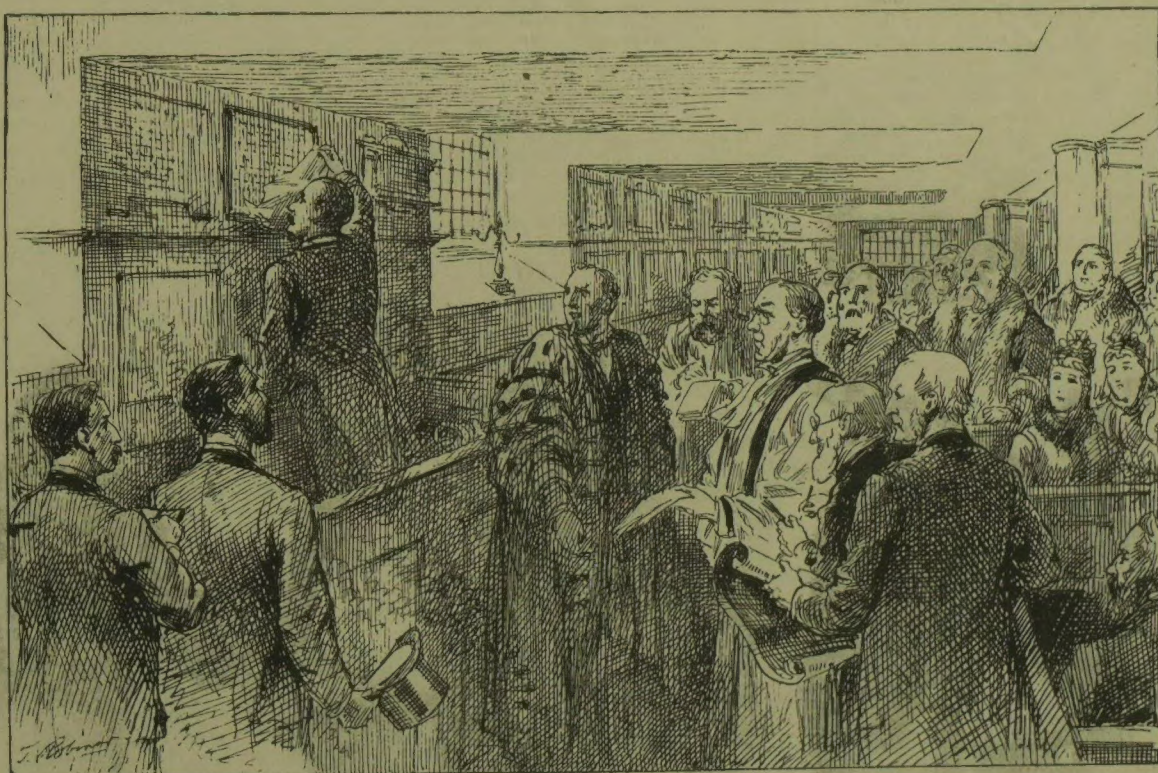
In the Brompton Cemetery, on Tuesday, Nov. 26, was performed the ceremony of unveiling a memorial to the officers and men of the Brigade of Guards who died from wounds or disease contracted in the Russian War and the Egyptian Campaign, and others buried in the Guards' ground of that cemetery. There was a large assemblage, which included many officers on the Headquarters Staff, past and present officers of the



THE GUARDS' MEMORIAL IN BROMPTON CEMETERY.

Brigade of Foot Guards, the girls of the Guards' Industrial Home, and strong detachments of the regiments of Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, and Scots Guards. Round the enclosure the massed bands of the brigade were drawn up under the command of Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, conspicuous among them being the pipers of the Scots Guards. General Sir F. Stephenson, G.C.B., a Guardsman who has seen much service, headed a procession of officers, which included General Sir G. Higginson, General Philip Smith (Commander of the Home District), General Moncrieff (Assistant Military Secretary, Headquarters Staff), General Lord William Seymour, General Monck, General Raymond White, General Rennie, General Digby, the Hon. R. Somerset, Colonels Wigram, Eaton, Stracey, Lord A. Wellesley, Armitage, and Gascoigne. The military chaplains of all denominations in the Home District command were present. The troops, drawn up in "Divine service order," having been called to attention, the memorial was unveiled by General Stephenson, amid the beating of drums and other military observances; prayers and hymns followed. The memorial consists of an imposing plain cross of white Sicilian marble, cut out of one block, with a base of Cornish granite, on which the badges of the three regiments are carved. Around the foot of the monument are arranged ordnance which were taken in action. The work was executed by Messrs. Burke and Co., masons and carvers and mosaic-workers, 17, Newman-street.

Sir Robert Ball, the Astronomer-Royal of Ireland, lectured at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, on Dec. 1, on "Invisible Stars: the Use of the Camera in Astronomy." The lecture,



MEMORIAL TO RICHARDSON, THE NOVELIST, IN ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH.

which was listened to throughout with the greatest attention by a large audience, was illustrated by a number of beautiful photographs which had been taken with the aid of the telescope.

In our last issue, under "Wills and Bequests," speaking of the will of Viscountess Ossington (signed April 30, 1881), it was stated: "she substitutes Alice Phillimore as one of her said residuary legatees." This was an error. For Alice, Lucy should have been named. In the earlier place "Alice Grenville" is right. The legacies and other outgoings will exhaust about three fifths of the residue.

THE LATE MR. T. A. WALKER.

We have, on several occasions, described and illustrated the wonderfully rapid and steady progress of the contract for executing that great engineering design, the Manchester Ship Canal. It is much to be regretted that the contractor, Mr. Thomas Walker, to whose admirable management the prospect of a speedy completion of that undertaking, within the estimated cost, is mainly due, has not lived to see it finished. Mr. Walker, who was also the contractor for the Severn tunnel of the Great Western Railway Company—a work of much difficulty, punctually and successfully completed—died on Nov. 25, at his residence, Mount Ballan, near Chepstow. His health had been failing seriously for some time, but his death was not so immediately expected. He had nevertheless made all necessary arrangements for the completion of his important contracts, in the event of his death, by his executors and staff of agents. Mr. Walker's two chief contracts now pending are the Ship Canal works, and the harbour works at Buenos Ayres undertaken for the Argentine Government. Both these works are well advanced; upwards of £2,000,000 having been expended on the works at Manchester, and about £1,500,000 at Buenos Ayres. Among the great public works in this country constructed by Mr. Walker were the Severn Tunnel, the Inner Circle Railway through London, the Barry Docks and Railways in South Wales, and the Prince of Wales Docks at Cardiff. In these enterprises Mr. Walker was closely associated with the leading engineers of the day—notably, Sir John Hawkshaw, Mr. Abernethy, Mr. Leader Williams, and Mr. J. W. Barry. Mr. Walker leaves a widow and four daughters.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Reattie of Preston.

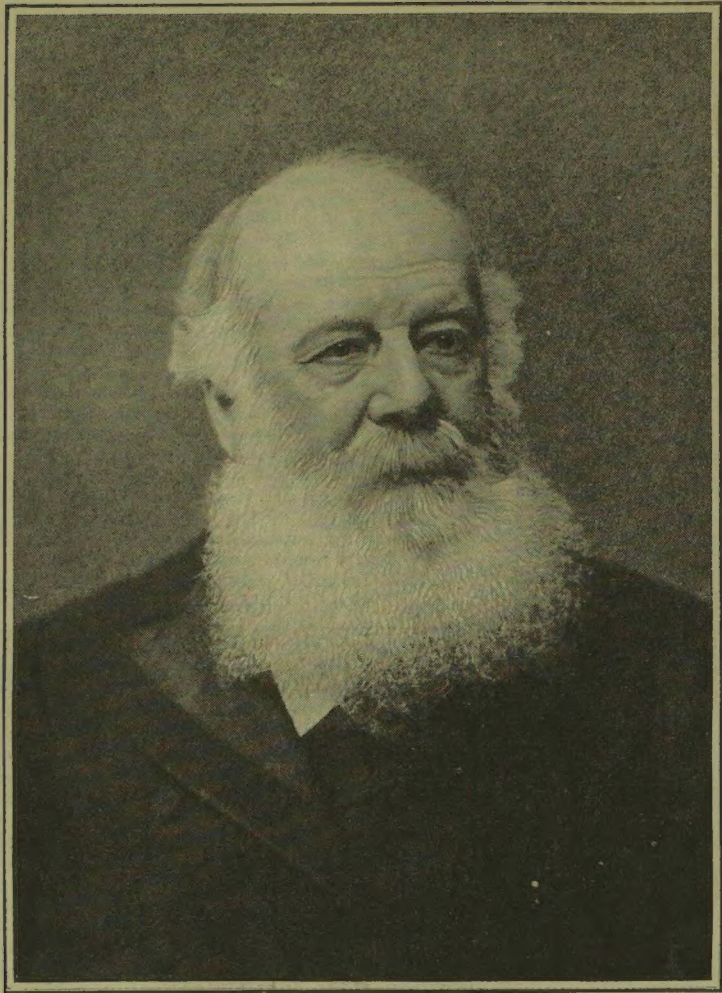
EIGHT-HOURS MOVEMENT IN AUSTRALIA.

The eight-hours labour movement, which is now becoming a topic of agitation in England, began on the other side of the globe thirty-three years ago, and triumphed in the April of 1856, when the Victorian Government itself was only a few months old, and so weak that it very nearly came to an end with its first change of ministry, six months after its birth. It had been framed on the English model, with two Houses—the Upper and Lower—none being eligible for election to the Upper House who did not possess at least three thousand pounds' worth of real property. Melbourne, compared with what it is, was then in its infancy—a mere township of scattered wooden and a few small brick houses, and the labouring classes formed the bulk of its population. As every man had a vote who had resided a certain time in the colony, everyone could be his own master if he chose, and could sell his labour or goods fearlessly at his own price, without lack of eager purchasers. It is therefore difficult to understand the origin of the agitation for "eight hours work, eight hours play, and eight hours sleep" in the Victoria of that early day, unless we believe that its pioneers foresaw the future condition of the colony, with its great increase of population. To commemorate the victory a procession of trades passes once in every year through the streets of Melbourne, with bands, flags, banners, and all kinds of quaint and amusing devices in the way of costume and pageant. The hatters appear in grotesquely huge hats; the coopers, with a display of ornamented barrels; the printers, in the guise of "devils," printing and distributing hand-bills; the tin-workers, in tin suits of armour; the cigar-makers with a gigantic cigar. There are the saddlers with a group of male and female equestrians, costumed as hunters, jockeys, bush-riders, and Hyde Park dandies, &c.; marshals with ribbon-adorned staves; also the plasterers, brick-makers, and wharf labourers; the cutters and trimmers with a huge pair of shears on their banner, and with the Australian flag and the motto "Defence, not Defiance." The makers of aerated waters, the brewers and maltsters, and the coopers are seen at work. On the occasion when our Artist was present—in 1888—the procession was witnessed by some sixty or seventy thousand people. It is very creditable that one saw little or no drunkenness associated with it, and heard of no cases of robbery or violence.

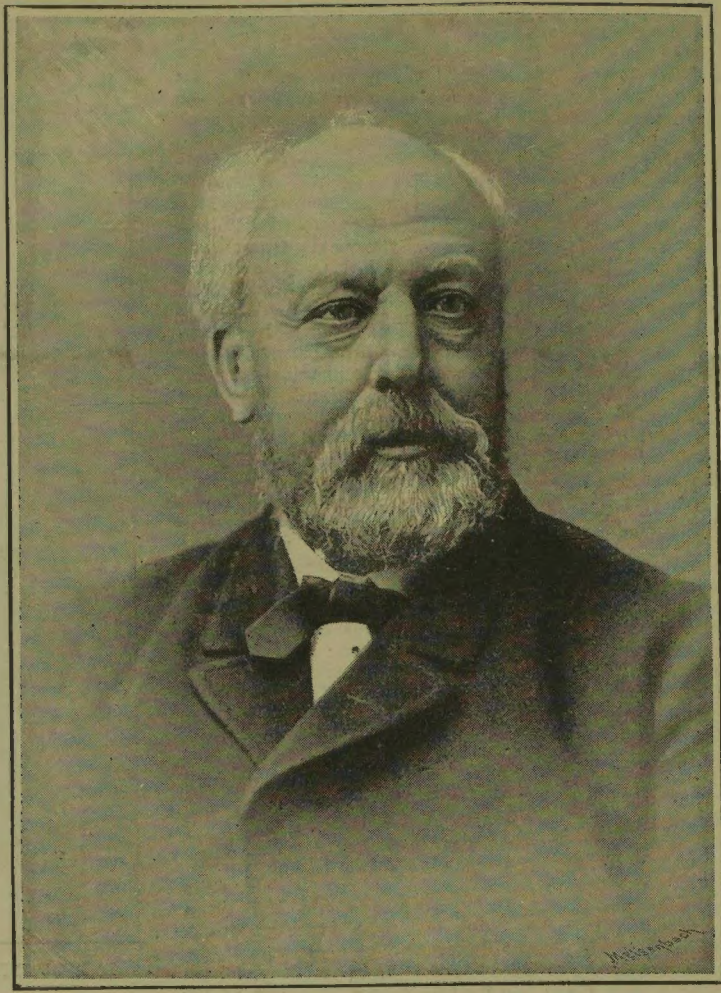
Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, honoured Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Keppel, and Lady Keppel, by her presence at the marriage of their only daughter, Miss Maria Walpole Keppel, with Lieutenant Frederick Tower Hamilton, R.N., son of the late Captain Henry G. Hamilton, which took place in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, on Dec. 3. Lieutenant Sir Charles Cust, R.N., attended the bridegroom as best man; and the bride was followed to the altar by Masters Jack and Bob Giffard, nephews of the bridegroom, and the following bridesmaids, all children: Miss Violet Hill, Miss Muriel Stephenson, and Miss Otter, cousins of the bride; Miss Marjorie Giffard, niece of the bridegroom; Miss Heneage, Miss Domville, and Miss Beerbohm Tree. The bride was accompanied to the chapel by her father, who gave her away. The service was fully choral. The Bishop of the Corea officiated. The Prince and Princess of Wales presented the bride with a diamond-and-sapphire brooch; the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh gave an antique gold watch and a ruby-and-diamond crescent brooch; Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, a moonstone-and-diamond brooch and silver claret-jug; Prince George of Wales, a four-leaved shamrock brooch of jade, diamonds, and pearls, and a silver-mounted liqueur bottle and glasses; Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, and the Duke of Fife, silver teapot, cream-jug, sugar-basin, tongs, and caddy-spoon; and Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, a travelling-clock.

Earl Cowper is starting, in Hertfordshire, a scheme for the equipment of the local Volunteer force similar to that carried out with so much success in London.

At Brompton Hospital, on Dec. 3, Miss Patti Winter gave the usual weekly entertainment, which was supported by the talents of Mr. James Appleton, Mr. James Fitzgerald, Miss Ella Winter (reciter), Miss E. Caverhill-Shields (pianoforte), and Miss Patti Winter. The last-named lady was exceedingly successful in Ganz's "Sing, Sweet Bird," her beautiful voice and brilliant execution being much admired, and the efforts of the other artists being heartily applauded.



THE LATE MR. C. E. SPOONER, CIVIL ENGINEER.



THE LATE MR. T. A. WALKER, CONTRACTOR.

THE LATE MR. C. E. SPOONER, C.E.

This distinguished civil engineer, who died on Nov. 18, at Portmadoc, Carnarvonshire, aged seventy-one, has been called "the Apostle of narrow-gauge railways." He assisted with his father, the late Mr. James Spooner, in constructing the little line from Portmadoc to Festiniog, which rises 700 ft. in 12 miles, an average gradient of 1 in 92, with a maximum of 1 in 80. This line, having a gauge of but 2 ft., with curves in some places of only 116 ft. radius, was originally designed for

horse power only; but in 1863 he introduced steam locomotives upon it. We may quote a passage from *Engineering* of Sept. 24, 1869: "It is now as certain as anything predicted upon the principle of mechanics can be, that the double bogie engine of the 'Little Wonder' type, constructed by Mr. Fairlie, will accomplish for the Festiniog line a degree of success beyond anything contemplated even by its enterprising manager, Mr. C. E. Spooner, to whom alone, unless his father, the late Mr. James Spooner, be included, is due the credit of introducing steam-drawn passenger trains on the

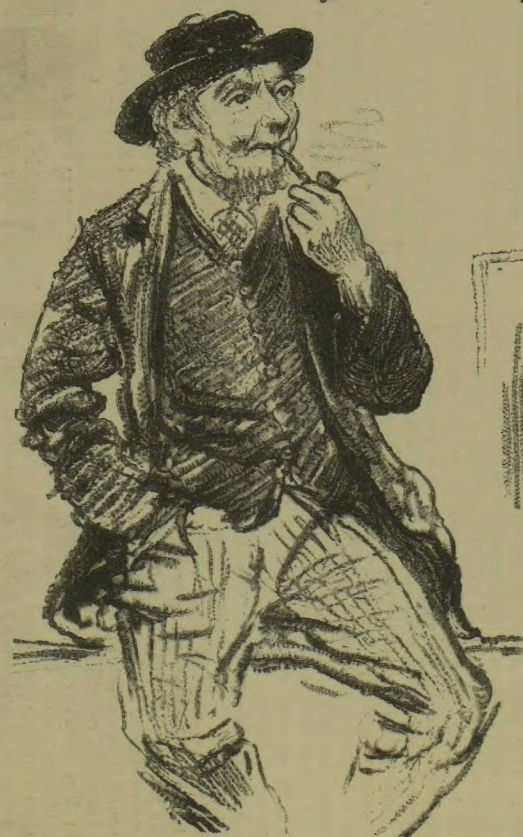
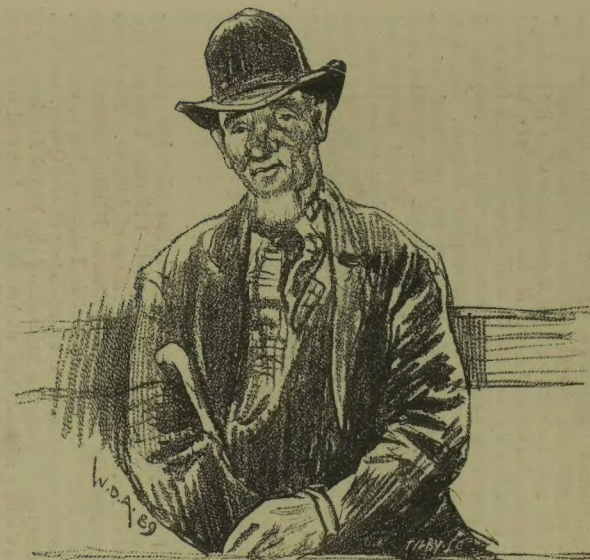
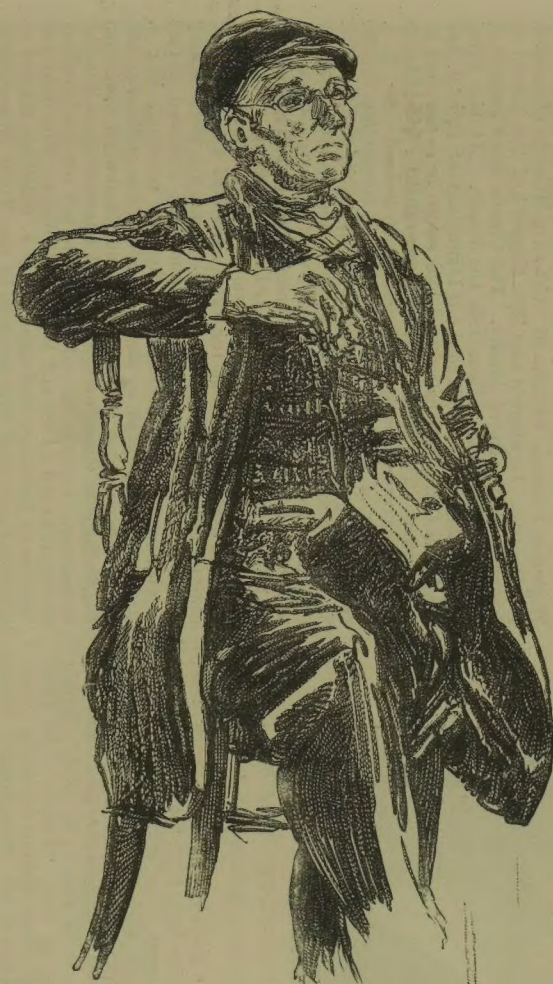
two-foot gauge." It was chiefly in consequence of the inspection of this line, in 1870, by a Russian Commission, headed by Count Alexis Bobrinskoy, and by the Indian Commission presided over by Lieutenant-General Sir W. Baker, R.E., that the very narrow gauge system has been largely adopted in Russia, India, and other countries. As an acknowledgment of Mr. Spooner's work, and of the assistance which he had given to the Commission, the late Emperor of Russia, Alexander II., sent him by Count A. Bobrinskoy a magnificent gold medal, inscribed on the reverse "Præmia Digno."



EIGHT-HOURS MOVEMENT PROCESSION IN MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.



Old Stockingers, Inmates of the Leicester Union Workhouse.



Mr. Thomas Main, aged ninety-four, an Inmate of Trinity Hospital, Leicester.

THE LEICESTER STOCKINGERS.

The tercentenary, or three-hundredth anniversary, of the invention of the stocking-frame, which was the origin of the great hosiery manufacture in the counties of Nottingham, Leicester, and Derby, has been celebrated in the town of Leicester. The inventor was a young clergyman or student for the Church in the time of Queen Elizabeth. William Lee, rector of Calverton, who is said to have conceived the idea while he watched a young woman to whom he was engaged knitting him a pair of stockings. A modern artist's picture of this pleasing scene, copied in one of the Art Union prize engravings, is very widely known. It was nearly a century later, so far as we can learn the local history, that the use of the stocking-frame was introduced in Leicester. That town, which is now the chief seat of the woollen hosiery manufacture, while Nottingham is more occupied with the knitting of cotton and the merino, cashmere, and silk fabrics, is not unmindful of its past. The Leicester Hosiery Students' Association, of which Mr. W. J. Rowlett is president and Mr. F. Brown and Mr. W. G. Jones are honorary secretaries, attests the historical dignity of the important local industry, which is truly one of the most interesting parts of a grand theme—the progress of English woollen manufactures—more intimately associated than even the cotton manufactures with the social growth of this nation.

A short tract, written by Mr. J. H. Quilter, teacher of framework knitting at Leicester Technical School, gives a concise account of the striking vicissitudes in that industry from 1674 to 1833, when mechanical genius achieved its latest triumph in the contrivance of a supreme hosiery machine, "the rotary rib frame on Cotton's system"; and we can, without examining their particular construction, appreciate the usefulness of this and preceding improvements; the "circular loop wheel frame" of 1847, the "latch-needle" contrived by Matthew Townsend and David Moulding in 1849, the new rotary machines of 1857, the addition of the Jacquard to the old frame, and other appliances, by which production has been vastly increased. Steam-power machines began to be largely used about the year 1844; and it is evident that the condition of the working classes in this district, on the whole, has been greatly benefited by improvements in machinery, though a small number of "old stockingers," yet surviving, have been reduced to pauperism. Long before the power-machines—indeed, through great part of the last century and down to 1843—the stockingers were in almost continual distress and discontent from various causes. After the stocking-frame, worked by hand, superseded hand-knitting, which was a hundred and fifty years ago, the operatives were compelled individually to hire the frames, and to pay exorbitant rents for their use, leaving in some cases not more than six or seven shillings a week, when fully employed, of the wages of their labour. This great abuse provoked fierce riots in 1773, when they broke many of the frames in despair; but the renewed disturbances, from 1812 to 1817, associated with the outrages of bands of "Luddites," who had to be dispersed by a military force, caused immense alarm and mischief. A thousand frames were destroyed, many offenders were transported, and six were hanged for murder. The evil conditions of the industry were fully exposed by a Royal Commission of Inquiry in 1843, and frame-rents were finally abolished by Act of Parliament in 1873; but in the meantime, it is not too much to say, those evils had been practically removed by the modern factory system; capital, aided by science, had become the protector of labour. And while there has arisen an immense export trade, giving employment at good wages to the population of a large district around Leicester, the cheapness of woollen socks and stockings must be one of the greatest boons to the poor all over England. Still, there is nothing to prevent women and girls knitting such articles with their own hands, if they please, for the use of the family, as their grandmothers used to do.

These historical reflections add some interest to the celebration in the Rutland Hall Skating-rink at Leicester on Thursday evening, Nov. 28, when all the poor old "stockingers" were kindly entertained at a good supper, arranged by a committee of the Hosiery Students' Association. Mr. W. T. Rowlett was in the chair, and made a speech recalling his personal reminiscences of the old hand stocking-frame, when it had "just got from one to two at once." Mr. J. H. Cooper, representing the Framework Knitters' Company, Alderman Kempson, Alderman Barfoot, and other manufacturers, took part in the proceedings. The invited guests, numbering 521, were all genuine hand stockingers over sixty years of age, including many over eighty years of age, but the oldest was Thomas Main, aged ninety-four, an inmate of Trinity Hospital, who, though feeble, seemed to enjoy the social treat until he was suddenly called away from the table by the sad news of the death of his wife. Fifty-one of those present were inmates of the Leicester Union Work-house. The hall was pleasantly decorated with flags and pictures; one of the latter was a painting by Mr. W. H. Bates, "The First-made Stocking," which has been purchased by the Leicester Hosiery Students' Association.

As usual on St. Andrew's Day, the Royal Society held their anniversary meeting in their apartments at Burlington House, and the President (Sir Gabriel Stokes) gave the anniversary address. The great event at this gathering is the presentation of medals, which were thus awarded: The Copley medal to the Rev. Dr. Salmon, for his various papers on subjects of pure mathematics; the Davy medal to Dr. Perkin, for his researches on magnetic rotation in relation to chemical constitution; a Royal medal to Dr. Gaskell, for his inquiries in cardiac physiology and his important discoveries in the anatomy and physiology of the sympathetic nervous system; and a Royal medal to Professor Thorpe, for his researches on fluorine compounds, and his determination of the atomic weights of titanium and gold. In the evening the Fellows and their friends dined together at the Hôtel Métropole.

The supporters of the Scottish Corporation celebrated their 225th anniversary by the customary dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Nov. 30, when the Marquis of Bute presided. Subscriptions to the amount of £1800 were announced.

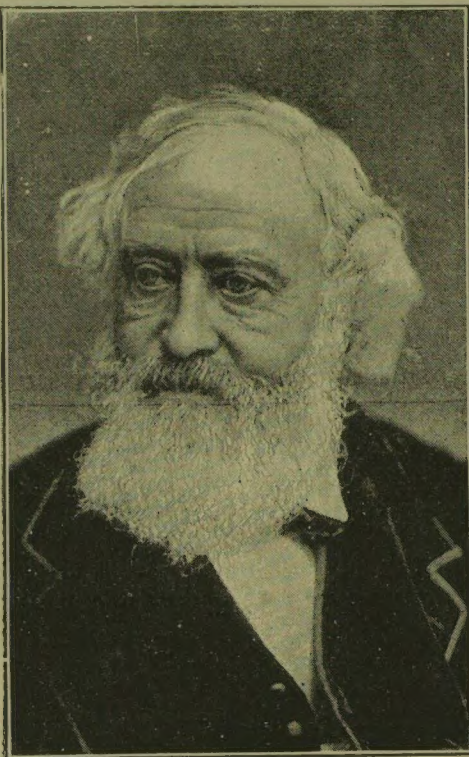
The Hon. Harry White, of the Grenadier Guards, recently A.D.C. to the late Viceroy of Ireland, has accepted the appointment of Master of the Horse to the Sultan of Turkey, and will have the control of all the Imperial stables at Constantinople.

The sixteen exhibits of toys and games (thirteen of which were awarded medals) which Messrs. Parkins and Gotto bought at the Paris Exhibition are now on view in their show-rooms in Oxford-street.

Canadian despatches received at Queenstown state that the British schooner Marie, bound to Quebec, foundered in a gale of wind at the entrance of the river St. Lawrence on Nov. 20, and all on board, comprising a crew of six men and two passengers, were drowned.

THE LATE MR. M. F. TUPPER.

Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, F.R.S., D.C.L., the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," died on Nov. 29. He was born in 1810, a descendant of an old German family long settled in Guernsey, but was the son of Mr. Martin Tupper, F.R.S., a well-known medical practitioner in London, and received his education at the Charterhouse and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1832. He became subsequently a barrister, but did not practise. His tastes and pursuits were essentially literary. His chief work was "Proverbial Philosophy," which appeared from 1839 to 1844, in numerous large editions. His poems, though lacking genius and inspiration, became popular, and were widely read. The list of Mr. Tupper's works comprises "Geraldine," published in 1838; "A Modern Pyramid"; in 1841, "An Author's Mind" and "The

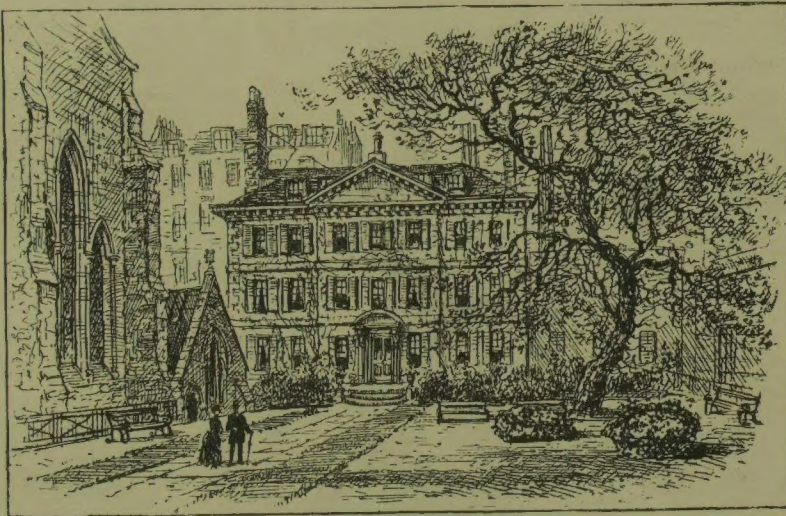


THE LATE MR. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, F.R.S., D.C.L.,
AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

Twins: a Tale"; in 1844, "A Crock of Gold"; in 1845, "Hactenus: a Budget of Lyrics"; in 1848, "A Rapid Review of Places and Persons in Surrey"; in 1850, "King Alfred's Poems in English Metre"; in 1851, "Farley Heath" and "Hymn for All Nations in Thirty Languages," a tribute to the first great Exhibition; in 1852, "Ballads for the Times and Other Poems"; in 1853, "Heart: a Tale"; in 1854, "Probabilities; an Aid to Faith"; in 1855, "Lyrics"; in 1858, "Stephen Langton"; in 1860, "Three Hundred Sonnets"; and in 1861, "The Rides and Reveries of Mr. Æsop Smith," which found some favour, and was extensively reviewed in America. Mr. Tupper produced also an immense number of fugitive pieces in verse and prose, most of which he contributed to magazines. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, at the Crystal Palace.

THE MASTER'S HOUSE, TEMPLE.

This venerable edifice stands at the north-east corner of the Temple Church, with a side approach close to the so-called grave of Oliver Goldsmith—the inscription on which is only so far accurate that he was buried in the vicinity, the exact spot being unknown. The Master's House, covered in summer time with greenery, has a garden in front, with a walk down the centre leading to the main entrance gates on the south-



THE MASTER'S HOUSE IN THE TEMPLE.

east of the church, where the best view of the old house is to be obtained. It was built in the time of William Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's, who was Master 1684-1704. His successor was his son Thomas Sherlock, who was also successively Bishop of Bangor, of Salisbury, and of London. When, in 1748, the sees of London and Canterbury became vacant at the same time, someone wrote the following epigram:—

At the Temple, one day, Sherlock taking a boat,
The waterman asked him "Which way will you float?"
"Which way?" says the Doctor, "Why, fool, with the stream."
To St. Paul's or to Lambeth, it's all one to him.

Thomas Sherlock resigned the Mastership in 1753. His successors were Samuel Nicholls, who died in 1763; and Gregory Sharpe, who died at the Temple in 1771. He produced some religious works and critical essays on the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages. Dr. Maxwell, who was Assistant Preacher at the Temple Church, in his Collectanea of Johnson's sayings in Boswell, tells how the great Conservative moralist "went with me one Sunday to hear my old Master Gregory Sharpe preach at the Temple. In the prefatory prayer, Sharpe ranted about liberty as a blessing most fervently to be implored, and its continuance prayed for. Johnson observed that our

liberty was in no sort of danger—he would have done much better to pray against our licentiousness." The succeeding Masters were: George Watts, who died here in 1772; Thomas Thurlow—brother of the Chancellor—who resigned in 1787 (Oliver Goldsmith was buried in his Mastership); William Pearce, who resigned in 1798; and Thomas Rennell, on whose published discourses Sydney Smith made an onslaught in the *Edinburgh Review* (October 1802: "Dr. Rennell is apt to put on the appearance of a holy bully, an Evangelical swaggerer, as if he could carry his point against infidelity by big words and strong abuse; and kick and cuff men into being Christians"). Rennell resigned in 1826, and was followed by Christopher Benson. In 1845, Thomas Robinson became Master, and was succeeded, on his resignation in 1869, by the present Master, Dr. Charles John Vaughan, who is Dean of Llandaff. The "learned and judicious" Hooker occupied the building which was replaced by the present structure, as Master, and began to write his "Ecclesiastical Polity" here. His chair and table are still preserved. The term "Master" is really a substitute for that of "preacher," all authority resting with the Benchers, by whom the Master's House was originally presented to Sherlock and his successors, two centuries ago.

THE COURT.

The Queen, who is in excellent health, has taken her customary drives around Windsor, chiefly with Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Edinburgh, or the Duchess of Albany. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris and Princess Hélène arrived at the castle on Nov. 27. Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., with Mr. F. A. Eaton, secretary, had an audience of the Queen, and submitted to her Majesty the business of the Royal Academy. Sir Robert Collins also arrived at the castle. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby, Sir Robert Collins, and Sir Frederick Leighton had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. On the 28th the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh (who had reached London from the Continent on the previous day) arrived at Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen. Prince Christian and her Highness Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein dined with her Majesty. Lieutenant and Mrs. Keppel had the honour of dining with the Royal family. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris and Princess Hélène left the castle. At the Privy Council the Earl of Zetland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Sir James Caird were introduced and sworn in as members of the Council. The Earl of Zetland subsequently kissed hands on his appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Mr. F. J. Williamson of Esher had the honour of submitting for the Queen's inspection a bust of her Majesty executed by him. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh left the castle for Clarence House on the 29th, her Grace returning next day. The Duchess of Albany, with the young Duke and Princess Alice of Albany, left for Claremont. The Duc de Nemours visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. Bishop Barry and Sir William Jenner arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with the Queen. Her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal Household attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning, Dec. 1. Bishop Barry, assisted by the Dean of Windsor, officiated, and the Bishop preached. The Duchess of Edinburgh concluded her visit to the Queen on the 2nd, and returned from Windsor to London. Later in the afternoon she left for Sandringham on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and General Sir A. Hardinge arrived at Windsor Castle, and were included in the Royal dinner party. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne and Lord and Lady Zetland arrived at Windsor on Dec. 3, and were included in the Royal dinner-party. The Duke and Duchess of Teck and Prince Francis and Princess Victoria of Teck also dined at the castle.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George on several days during the week ending Nov. 30 drove over to Castle Rising and joined the Duke of Fife in shooting through the covers on the Castle Rising estate. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, also paid a number of visits to Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) at Castle Rising Hall. The Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife), and the Duke of Fife arrived at Sandringham on Nov. 30, on a visit to the Prince and Princess. On Sunday morning, Dec. 1, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince George, Princesses Victoria and Maud, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife), and the Duke of Fife, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalen, in the Park. The Rev. F. J. A. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. N. Dalton, who preached the sermon. The forty-fifth anniversary of the birth of the Princess of Wales falling on Sunday, the festivities in celebration of the event were postponed till the 2nd. The principal feature of the festivities was the children's tea, which was provided as usual in the large dining-room at the Royal Mews. The Prince and Princess, and the young Princesses, with Prince George, were present. In the evening the party was increased by the arrival of the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris and Princess Hélène, the Duc de Chartres, and other guests.

Prince Albert Victor on Nov. 29 laid the foundation-stone of the Maharajah College at Mysore, and afterwards left for Bangalore, where he arrived in the evening. His Royal Highness was received with great enthusiasm. In honour of the Prince an official banquet was given, followed by a ball. Next day his Royal Highness presided at the opening of a horticultural exhibition and fête at the Lal Baugh, and afterwards lunched with the officers of the 21st Hussars. He attended Divine service on Sunday morning, Dec. 1, and left in the evening for Tinnevely.

The Comtesse de Paris has left Sheen House, accompanied by Princess Hélène d'Orléans and the younger members of her family, for Madrid, whence she goes to Lisbon, on a visit to her daughter the Queen of Portugal.

The British steamer Santiago, of Hull, was burned at sea, 150 miles south-west of Sable Island, on the afternoon of Nov. 19. On the following day, after having spent the night in open boats, the crew and passengers, numbering fifty-nine, were rescued by the American sailing-ship A. J. Fuller, which arrived at New York on the 27th.

Messrs. De la Rue are to the fore with their pocket-books and diaries for 1890, combining elegance with strength and practical utility.—Among the many charming Christmas and New Year cards just issued, those of Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., of Messrs. Hildesheimer and Co., and of Messrs. Prang and Co., of the United States (published in London by Mr. Ackermann of Regent-street), possibly bear off the palm for beauty of design and skilled workmanship.

PORTUGUESE CLAIMS ON THE ZAMBESI.

Lord Salisbury, on behalf of her Majesty's Government, has by an official communication to the Portuguese Government effectually denied the claim of the latter to any territorial sovereignty over the interior of South Africa beyond the actual Portuguese forts and stations on the Lower Zambesi. Neither Mashona-land and Matabele-land, to the south of that great river, nor the wide central region above, traversed by the rivers Chobe and Barotse and their tributaries from the western table-land adjacent to the Portuguese colony of Benguela on the Atlantic side, can be admitted to form part of the dominion of Portugal, which is thus prohibited from stretching its nominal sovereignty across that continent, from the Mozambique Channel to the Atlantic Ocean. The right of Portugal to the Mozambique coast; to Quillimane, at one of the mouths of the Zambesi; to its own forts and towns on that river, of which Tette is the chief, and farther down the coast to Sofala and Delagoa Bay, has never been impugned, resulting from the original dis-

covery of that coast by Vasco da Gama; but the free navigation of the Zambesi has been secured by an international treaty, and it has been held that the interior regions, west of the actual exercise of Portuguese rule, lay open to the enterprise of any civilised nation, having in fact been explored, for the first time, by Dr. Livingstone, followed by Mr. H. M. Stanley, Captain Cameron, and others not in the Portuguese service. The river Shiré, also, which flows into the Lower Zambesi from the north, was discovered by Livingstone and Baines, and is of much importance as the readiest approach to Lake Nyassa, where English and Scottish Missionary settlements have long been established, and where commercial operations have been undertaken by the African Lakes Company. On all accounts, the propriety and expediency of imposing due limits on the pretensions of Portugal to reign over those parts of Africa could not be doubtful.

But the crisis has been hastened by the recent creation of the "British South African Company," with a Royal Charter, having for its field of operations the region of South Africa lying immediately to the north of British Bechuana-

land, and to the north and west of the South African Republic (the Transvaal) and to the west of the Portuguese dominions. No western limit is stated, as the 20th degree of east longitude marks off the German claims. Ample room is thus left to the company for the expansion of its territory, and it is at perfect liberty to do so by every legitimate means, east and west and north. Meantime, the territory thus vaguely defined seems to include the British protectorate of Bechuana-land, the whole of Khama's country, and north to the Zambesi, and west to 20 deg. east longitude, and the whole of Matabele-land, or Lobengula's country, the limits of which to the east are undefined. The total area cannot be less than between 360,000 and 400,000 square miles, three times the size of the United Kingdom, and one third greater than the area of Germany. The territories are to be part of the British Empire. It is stipulated that the company must always remain British in its directorate, composition, and domicile, and that no director shall be appointed without the approval of her Majesty's Secretary of State.

The Duke of Abercorn, the Duke of Fife, Lord Gifford, Mr.



MAP OF PART OF SOUTH AFRICA, SHOWING PORTUGUESE CLAIMS ON THE ZAMBESI.

Albert Grey, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who conducts operations in South Africa, are Directors of the Company. Its first business will be to establish an effective protectorate in Mashona-land, which is a country rich in gold, and to arrange with Lobengula, the powerful ruler of the Matabele. The Portuguese Government had pretended a right to annex part of Mashona-land, with a large piece of country north of the Zambesi, to be formed into the province of "Zumbo." It is against this decree that Lord Salisbury, by his despatch of Nov. 21, insists on limiting the Portuguese dominion.

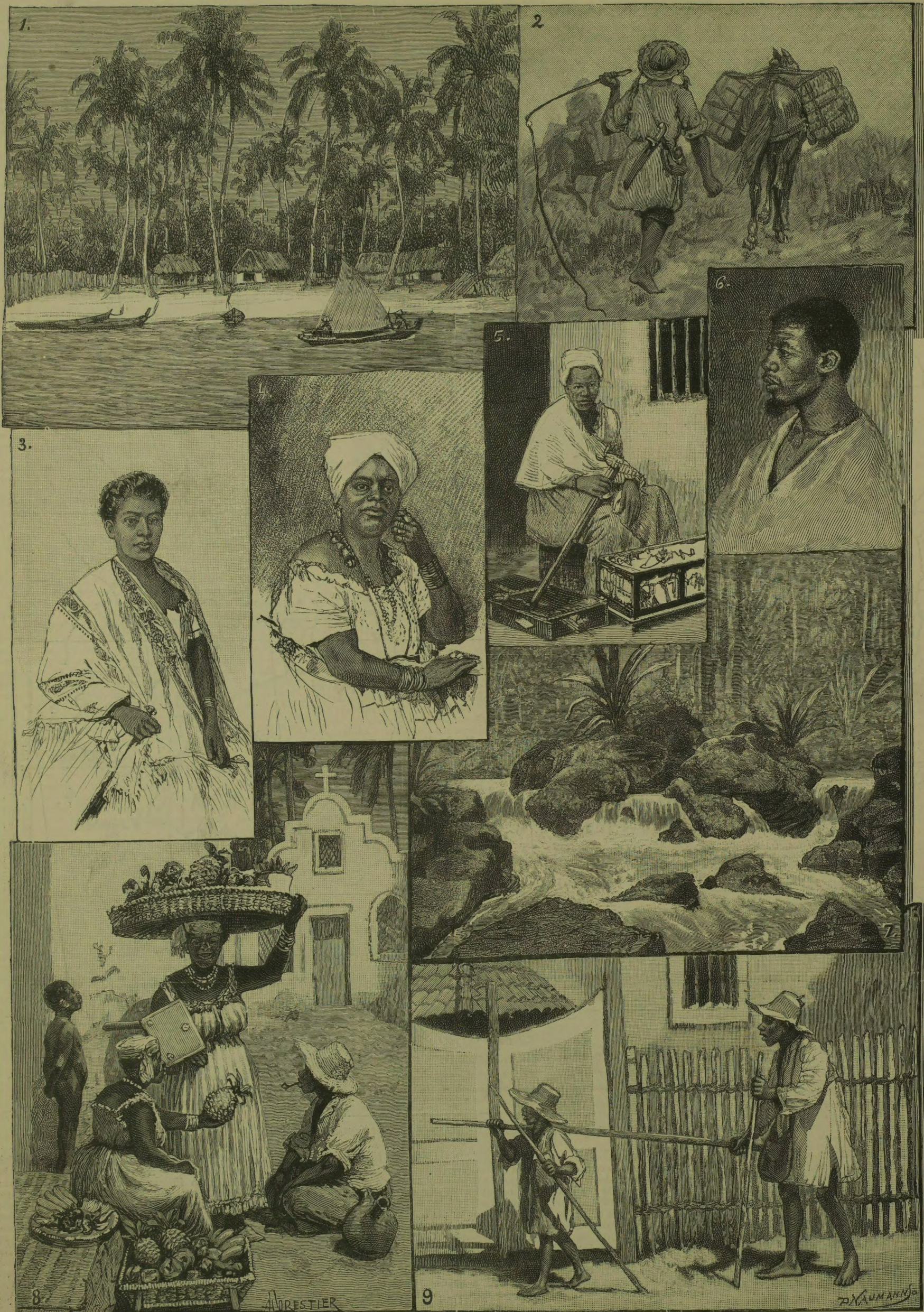
SKETCHES IN BRAZIL.

A striking example of the neglected and vacant condition of large portions of the vast Brazilian territory, the government of which has been suddenly changed from a Monarchy to a Federal Republic, is seen in the provinces of Espirito Santo and Porto Seguro. These are situated eastward on the Atlantic seacoast, immediately to the north of the capital, Rio de Janeiro, and to the south of the great mercantile city of Bahia; while behind them, to the west, is the province of Minas Geraes, rich in mineral wealth. No country in South America is more easily accessible; the climate, between 16 deg. and 22 deg. of south latitude, is comparatively temperate; the land is

fertile and well watered; yet these provinces, with the Rio Doce flowing between them from Minas Geraes, breaking through the Sierras dos Aymores, remain almost unoccupied by civilisation. At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of London, in January 1888, Mr. W. J. Stearns read an interesting account of his travels up the Rio Doce and some of its tributary streams during nearly eight months from June 1885. His descriptive lecture, with an excellent map from his own survey, which differs much from the common maps of Brazil, is printed in the monthly record of proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society. It is surprising to remark how little the interior of the country was known, although more than three centuries ago Portuguese explorers went up the Rio Doce, and within thirty years past several attempts have been made, notably that of Dr. Franca Leite from 1857 to 1860, to found settlements of Brazilians and Italians there. The insignificant little town or village of Linhares, thirty miles from the mouth of the river, was founded in 1792; the next village is Guandú, near the mountain range, where navigation is stopped by the rapids, or "Caxoeiras"; and in the upper course of the river, in Minas Geraes, we find only Figueira mentioned as an abode of civilised men: these places have scarcely any trade, and but a small number of inhabitants. No agricultural industry is described, and Mr. Stearns, with his six followers, one Scotchman, the others Brazilians, had

to bring their own food, dried fish and meat and meal, which soon gave out, so that they were half-starved. Much of the country is covered with forests of valuable trees; and the savage tribes of Indians, called "Botacudos" from their hideous wooden ornaments stuck through a huge gash in the lower lip, rove about freely, a terror to the scattered Brazilian "matutos," or peasantry. They shoot with bows and arrows, and live by hunting and fishing, and on the nuts of two or three kinds of palm-trees. These nuts, being hard, are usually chewed by the women, to prepare them for the food of their husbands and children. The whole number of these Indians, in the Rio Doce valley, is reckoned at seven thousand; the wildest tribe is that of the "Incuteckas," who have destroyed the missionary station of Fray Bento. Mr. Stearns explored the Sussuh Grande and the Tambaguary, the principal northern tributaries of the Rio Doce, near Figueira, which have not been described before.

We are indebted to Mr. Stearns for the Sketches published this week, which, however, do not represent scenes on the Rio Doce, but in the province of Alagoas, situated much farther to the north, between Bahia and Pernambuco. The chief place on its seacoast is Maceio, with a considerable export trade in coffee and sugar. Mr. Stearns resided in that province from 1881 to 1885, while engaged in the construction of the Alagoas Railway.



1. Village on Lagoa de Noste, Province of Alagoas.
2. Packman Bringing Cotton to the Coast.
3. Native Girl.

4. A Mulatto Woman in Gala Dress.
5. Hawker of cheap French earrings, brooches, links, &c.
6. Native Man.

7. Falls on the Rio Mundatin.
8. A Dark Corner—Fruit-Sellers.
9. A Blind Beggar.

SKETCHES IN THE NORTHERN PROVINCES OF BRAZIL.—BY MR. W. J. STEAINS, F.R.G.S.



Lilian Young.

H. K. MANN

DIVIDED DUTIES.

FROM A PICTURE BY LILIAN YOUNG, IN THE POSSESSION OF MESSRS. BENJAMIN BROOKE AND CO.

MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

Nineteenth Century.—Sir Julius Vogel, formerly Prime Minister of New Zealand, who is an enthusiastic advocate of Imperial Federation—meaning that the Colonies shall take part in ruling the British Empire—denies, on the other hand, that a peaceful secession of any of the Colonies is possible; he thinks it would be "fiercely" resisted by Great Britain, and would cause "a fratricidal war." The persecution of Protestants in the Baltic provinces of Russia is denounced by the Rev. Dr. C. H. Wright. Sir Morell Mackenzie comments on the renewed spread of leprosy in different countries. Sir John Lambert reviews the many alterations in the Parliamentary electoral franchise. Sir Joseph Fayrer gives a scientific description of the venomous snakes of India. Mr. Gladstone again computes the Liberal gains at the polls during the past two years, taking June 1887 as a point of departure for indignation against the "Coercion Act." The right hon. gentleman also recommends a new book on the Southern States of America, "Memorials of a Planter," by the late Mr. T. Dabney; while Mr. Augustine Birrell, Mr. Walter Pater, Hamilton Aidé, and Mr. Walter Frewen Lord recommend other new books. The improving prospects of Persia are set forth by Mr. E. F. G. Law, Attaché at Teheran. Professor J. Shield Nicholson defends a bimetallic currency against Mr. Robert Giffen. "The Irish Malady" is examined by Mr. Frank Hill, an able political writer of strong Unionist persuasion. The Marquis of Waterford states his objections to a proposed measure of compulsory Land Purchase. "In Praise of London Fog" is a bold attempt, by M. H. Dziewicki, who must be a Pole or other foreigner, to persuade us Londoners that our dark and dingy winter atmosphere is sublime and beautiful: we should like to send it to Warsaw.

Contemporary Review.—Sir William Hunter, an eminent member of the Indian Civil Service, continues his interesting recollections of past life on a station in Bengal; and his narrative of the last days of the venerable Church Missionary Mr. Douglas; of the interruption of his labours by blindness; the troubles occasioned by a rash native deacon, overzealous for the orthodox creed; and the devoted affection of his simple-hearted converts among the hill-folk, is touching and beautiful. The biography of Lord John Russell is reviewed by his kinsman, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, whose account of the personal character of that illustrious statesman is warmly affectionate in tone, but is certainly not beyond the merits of its subject. Mrs. Fawcett has our decided approval in her controversy with Mrs. Jenne on the question of the employment of very young children in theatres. Mr. Robert Giffen's estimate of the gross and net gain to the working classes from the rise of wages during the past thirty years seems to leave no doubt of their improved pecuniary condition. On the other hand, much that is paradoxical will be detected in Mr. Sidney Webb's attempt to prove that the legislative restriction of all labour to eight hours a day would not lessen the rate of earnings, or expose our export trade and manufacturers to ruin by foreign competition. It is curious, but not edifying, to weigh the arguments or expedients by which Sir William Dawson, a very good geologist, endeavours to preserve the belief in the Biblical story of the Deluge. The mediæval fancies connected with the legends of the Nativity, and of the Three Kings, are prettily paraphrased by Vernon Lee and by Madame Darmestetter (Miss A. F. Mary Robinson). Professor Sayce draws a striking outline of the history of ancient Arabia previous to the Mohammedan era. We cannot admire the violent and contemptuous manner of Mr. Robert Buchanan's angry onslaught upon theatrical critics; but there is some truth in his remarks on the essentials of merit in dramatic composition. Professor Thorold Rogers has much fault to find with the conduct of University examinations at Oxford, and especially with the domination of college tutors, as a privileged class of monopolist teachers, over the whole system of authorised studies.

Fortnightly Review.—The progress of literary criticism in France, including Sainte-Beuve, Nisard, Brunetière, Scherer, and Taine, is ably reviewed by Professor Dowden in his Taylorian lecture at Oxford. The Bishop of Peterborough explains his recent utterance of an opinion with regard to the moral distinction between betting and gambling. Mr. John Addington Symonds, whose works of history and scholarship are highly valued, having lived twelve years at Davos, a studious and industrious invalid, now gives us an agreeable description of that salubrious highland abode. Mr. Grant Allen descends on the scope and purport of religion, apart from its mythology. "The Unmaking of England," by Mr. Karl Blind, is an energetic protest against tampering with Irish Nationalism. The Austro-Hungarian Empire, as the "Sentinel of the Balkans," finds a zealous political champion in Mr. J. D. Bouchier. The working of the factory half-time system, the merits of "a new French novelist," M. Henri Lavedan, leprosy in Norway, the prevalence of dishonesty among Russian peasants, and the European war-scare of 1875 are discussed in the remaining articles of this magazine.

National Review.—A plain ledger account, set forth by Sir G. Baden-Powell, proves that Home Rule, as proposed by Mr. Gladstone, would cast upon Ireland three or four millions' additional yearly taxation. Mr. T. E. Kebbell agreeably describes two days' pheasant-shooting in November in a wood on the border of Sussex. The political coquetry of the Romish Church with Socialism on the Continent is exposed by the Rev. M. Kaufmann. An imaginary dialogue between Phidippides, an ancient Greek, and De Vere, a member of the Pelican Club, rebukes the modern patrons of hireling pugilism. Mr. H. D. Traill applies his critical insight to the poetry of Pope. The Archbishop of Canterbury's jurisdiction over the Bishops and clergy of his province is questioned by a clerical writer. Mr. George Eyre-Todd's pleasing description of a Scottish rustic fair in the Lothians is worth reading. Dr. Herring contends that M. Pasteur's cure of hydrophobia is an utter failure. Mrs. Jenne warns ladies ambitious of renown for strenuous intellectual pursuits, in addition to their social distractions, that they cannot be the mothers of healthy children.

Universal Review.—"The Wages of Sin," by Lucas Malet, is the story of an egotistic and unprincipled rambling artist's careless entanglement with a handsome rustic girl in a West of England fishing village. Mrs. Lynn Linton discourses on the rarity of true and faithful friendship, and its decline after one of the persons is married. "The Classification of the Sciences" is a philosophical treatise by Professor Knight. The editor, Mr. Harry Quilter, discusses the condition of art-criticism, and the effects of Conferences and Congresses of Art on the public taste. Mr. Samuel Butler relates the affair of the discovery of an important drawing by Holbein. A reminiscence of interviews with De Quincey at Glasgow is supplied by Mr. Colin Rae-Brown. Mr. Rennell Rodd's account of a ramble on Pentelicos, and Mrs. Sophia Beale's description of the old German town of Hildesheim, are followed by Mr. Bliss Carman with an elegy on Matthew Arnold, which is good poetry, mingling the classical with the romantic vein, and reminding us of "Lycidas" by its tone.

New Review.—A poem by Bret Harte, "The Station-master of Lone Prairie," has some pathetic and weird effect. The

"New Radicalism," with Mr. John Morley's attitude towards Socialist theories, is discussed by two writers from opposite points of view. M. Pasteur's account of his discoveries and experiments in the treatment of rabies is continued. The researches of Lady Middleton and Miss Constance Gordon Cumming in the ancestral monuments of Wollaton Hall produce more evidence of domestic life in the Elizabethan age. The Hon. Lewis Wingfield contributes an amusing paper on his recent experiences in preparing and managing the antiquarian pageant of the Lord Mayor's Show. Mrs. Lynn Linton vigorously denounces further pretences to redress the grievances of Ireland. A new story by Mr. Henry James, called "The Solution," is commenced.

Blackwood's Magazine.—The attitude and temper of the different European Powers, with regard to the prospects of peace, are surveyed by a considerate writer. The story entitled "Master of his Fate" is continued; so is "Lady Baby." Mr. John Skelton replies to certain exceptions taken against his latest publication about Mary Stuart. Naturalists will like the article on "Winter Birds." Professor Blackie's verses on John Wilson in Yarrow are more genial than those of "A Determined Aristocrat," who scouts the democratic ideal.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Mrs. Oliphant's "Kirsteen" proceeds to her seventeenth chapter. On the teaching of English literature, the remarks of the Rev. Canon Ainger should command attention. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice treats of the rectification of county boundaries for Local Government purposes. There is another ballad of Afghan warfare and chivalry, by "Yussuf." The rich prospects of Lower California, the dramas of Björnson, and the Life of Lord John Russell (by the Hon. Arthur Elliot) are the subjects of three articles. Humour is not wanting in the tale of a rowdy Irish soldier in India, called the "Incarnation of Krishna Mulvany."

Murray's Magazine.—"Russia in Central Asia," by Sir Richard Temple, is an article partly consequent on the Hon. George Curzon's recent survey of that region. Mrs. Kendal brings her reminiscences of theatrical life to a conclusion. The projected systematic personal inquiries and records, for "psychical research," concerning hallucinations or imagined revelations of the spirit-world are explained by Mr. F. W. H. Myers. Sir E. Du Cane examines the problem of national defence by "fleets and forts." "Joel Quaipe's Return" is a tale of Sussex rural life, by Mr. Louis Jennings. Mr. A. Montefiore describes a winter sojourn in balmy Florida.

Longman's Magazine.—Miss Jean Ingelow's essay at a scene of historical play-writing, appropriate to the anniversary of the English Revolution of 1688, seems a year behind its proper time. The childhood of Aurore Dupin, afterwards the famous woman George Sand, is made the subject of a short biographical notice by Mr. James Sully. Dr. A. Stradling relates the miseries and terrors of fever in the swamps of Nicaragua, a tropical "Land of Death." Chamois-hunting on the Alps is described by Mr. H. E. M. Stutfield. Mr. W. E. Norris finishes his story of "Mrs. Fenton," and there are one or two shorter tales.

Cornhill Magazine.—Mr. James Payn is not yet at the end, but at the twenty-fifth chapter, of his "Burnt Million," in which Lord Cheribert, a determined suitor, is rejected by Grace, who has a tenderness for Walter Sinclair. "Long-Shore Memories," of wild-duck-shooting on the Kent and Essex marshes, have their peculiar charm. The capture of Osman Oglou, a romantic highland robber in the Taurus Mountains, is a stirring Asiatic Turkish story. A narrative of travels in the island of Sardinia contains much not generally known. "Some Unrehearsed Effects" are notable accidents in theatrical performances. Mrs. Oliphant concludes her little story of "Mademoiselle."

Gentleman's Magazine.—Miss Henriette Corkran's story, "My Portrait," the heroine of which is an English lady artist in Paris, has enough of interest. Among the articles on minor historical or antiquarian topics, we notice that by Mr. W. H. Davenport-Adams on the many changes of fashion in the cut and colour of the coat, and one by Mr. W. Armstrong Willis on cycling vehicles.

Temple Bar.—Three novels—"Sir Charles Danvers," by the author of "The Danvers Jewels"; "Arminell," by the author of "Mehalah" and "John Herring"; and "Paul's Sister," by Miss Frances Mary Peard—are concluded this month, and have been also published in book-volumes. The magazine contains also several independent articles: on Lord Chesterfield, on manners in the United States, on Father Tom Burke, the Irish Dominican preacher, and on an episode of French history.

The Extra Christmas Numbers of the illustrated monthly magazines are deserving of special notice. That of the *English Illustrated Magazine* contains an article on Dartmoor, by Mr. Grant Allen; new love-songs, the words by Mr. Joseph Bennett, the music by Mr. Hamish MacCunn; observations on French girlhood, by Madame Guizot de Witt; Mr. Hugh Thomson's designs for "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?"; a sea-story, by Mr. W. Clark Russell; a story for children, "The Golden Dachshunds"; an account of the Old Cheshire Cheese Tavern, Fleet-street, illustrated by Mr. Herbert Railton; and other acceptable matters. The American magazines, *Harper's*, the *Century*, and *Scribner's*, have Christmas Numbers of remarkable excellence. Among the literary contributors to *Harper's* are Mr. Andrew Lang, on Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor"; Mr. Thomas Hardy, with a Wessex story; Mr. Theodore Child, on modern Russian art; the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and Mr. R. D. Blackmore. The Christmas publication of the *Century* includes some private letters of the great Duke of Wellington to Mrs. Jones of Pantglas, afterwards Lady Levinge, whose daughter is permitted to use them in this way. The engravings in this magazine are particularly good. In *Scribner's*, likewise, there is much that is attractive and valuable. Mr. Phelps, late American Minister in London, reproves the gossiping and chattering propensity of the Press in a sermon entitled "The Age of Words."

We have also to acknowledge the following magazines received as usual, and containing much that is worth reading: *Woman's World*, *Atlanta*, *Belgravia*, *London Society*, *Time*, *Tinsley's*, *Cassell's*, *Good Words*, *East and West* (Christmas Number), *Newbery House Magazine* (Christmas Number), the *Sun*, the *Argosy*, *All the Year Round*, the *Illustrated Naval and Military*, *Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion*, *Le Follet*, and the *Ladies' Treasury*.

Mr. Montagu Sharpe, one of the Magistrates of the Brentford Division, and Deputy Chairman of the Middlesex County Council, has been called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn.

The time for gazetting the notices of all private Bills which will be brought before Parliament next session having expired, it is found that notice has been given of 228 Bills, exclusive of the two London County Council Bills for amending the Metropolis Management Act and Regulating the Theatres—both of which will be introduced as public measures. Of the total number of private Bills, 192 relate to the provinces, and 36, either wholly or in part, to the Metropolis.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

At Waltham Abbey, on Nov. 27, the wedding of the Rev. Stewart Gordon Ponsonby, M.A., Chaplain of Trinity College, and Vicar of Holy Sepulchre, Cambridge, with Miss Mary Catherine Buxton, second daughter of Sir Thomas Fowell and Lady Victoria Buxton, took place in the presence of a large assemblage of friends. The bridegroom's best man was the Rev. Reginald St. John Parry, M.A., Dean of Trinity College, and the bride was led to the chancel by her father.

The marriage of Mr. Francis Egerton Hardinge of Old Springs, Staffordshire, and the Hon. Emma Clifford, youngest daughter of Charles Hugh, eighth Lord Clifford, and sister of the present Peer, was celebrated on Nov. 28 at St. Cyprian's Roman Catholic Church, Ugbrooke Park. The ceremony was performed by the Hon. and Right Rev. the Bishop of Clifton. The bride was given away by her brother, Lord Clifford. She wore a dress of rich white silk with tulle veil fastened with pearls, the gift of the bridegroom, and her ornaments were a pearl and diamond necklace, the gift of Sir G. and Lady Stephen; a pearl and diamond pendant, the gift of Viscount and Viscountess Feilding; and a pearl and diamond bracelet, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Bertha Clifford, sister to the bride; Miss Hardinge, cousin to the bridegroom; Miss Sybil Clifford and Miss Agnes Eyston, cousins to the bride.

The marriage of Mr. Gilbert Murray, Professor of Greek in Glasgow University, and Lady Mary Henrietta Howard, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Carlisle, was celebrated in the small chapel at Castle Howard, the seat of the Earls of Carlisle, near York, on Nov. 30. The bride was given away by her father.

The marriage of Baron Auguste de Nexon with Miss Gertrude Ricardo, eldest daughter of Mr. Frederick Ricardo, was celebrated in the "Chapel of our Lady" at the Oratory, Brompton, on Nov. 30.

The preachers at Westminster Abbey on Advent Sunday, Dec. 1, were the Rev. Canon Austen, Rector of Whitby, in the morning; the Dean of Peterborough in the afternoon; the Dean in the evening. For the rest of the month the preachers will be: On Dec. 8, at ten, the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck, Minor Canon; at three, the Rev. Dr. Jessopp, Rector of Scarning, Norfolk; at seven, the Rev. H. Footman, Vicar of Nocton, Lincolnshire. On Dec. 15, at ten, the Rev. Canon Elwyn, Master of the Charterhouse; at three, the Right Rev. Bishop Barry; at seven, the Rev. A. F. W. Ingram, Head of the Oxford House, Bethnal Green. On Dec. 22, at ten, the Rev. Edwin Price, Minor Canon; at three, the Rev. J. M. Wilson, Headmaster of Clifton College; at seven, the Rev. Canon Blackley, Vicar of St. James the Less. On Christmas Day, at ten, the Dean; at three, Evening Prayer and carols. On Innocents' Day, Saturday, Dec. 28, at ten, sermon to children; at three, the Dean. First Sunday after Christmas, Dec. 29, at ten, the Rev. S. Flood-Jones, Precentor; at three, the Rev. Dr. Crowden, Headmaster of Eastbourne College. Note: From Christmas Eve to New Year's Day one or more carols will be sung in or at the close of afternoon service.—At St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday afternoons in December the preacher will be Canon Liddon, the Canon-in-residence for the month.

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LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT.—BY F. W. BURTON.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The winter exhibition of the "Old Society" is nominally limited to sketches and studies, but the interpretation given to these terms is somewhat elastic, for it would be difficult to imagine more finished works than some of those in the present collection. Those artists, however, who have limited themselves to "studies" have no reason to regret their more strict interpretation of terms. In the case of one of these, Mr. Fred. Tayler, for many years one of the most popular members of the society, the limitation has been imposed by stern fate; but his executors have done well for his reputation in selecting a number of studies of animals, which display remarkable vigour as well as an accurate knowledge of horses, dogs, and cattle. His pigs (228) are delightfully lazy, and his "Scotch Collie and Bloodhounds" (234) are noble animals—fitting companions of "Alma and Dinorah" (240), two of her Majesty's favourite hacks. In the later years of his life Mr. Fred. Tayler was chiefly known as a painter of episodes in Scottish life and history, and there is here (236) an admirable study of his large picture showing the Conventicle prisoners. Mr. Burne Jones also contributes a number of real studies, some in black and white, of which the most attractive are the two seated women (222) who form part of a larger group, and the graceful female figures (225) which were subsequently introduced in his picture of "The Golden Steps." Turning now to the more finished work, we must in the first place acknowledge the dignity and sobriety of Sir John Gilbert's "Bishop" (172) reading from a large psalter, which is supported by a feebly painted priest. As in so many of the President's pictures, the colour is overborne by the black shadows; but they seem less out of place here than in his slighter work, "The Sonnet" (12), where a lighter treatment would have been desirable. Among the other veterans we find Mr. R. Thorne Waite handing on undimmed the traditions of the school founded by Copley Fielding and brought to such perfection by Mr. Hine. Out of the dozen so-called studies which Mr. Thorne Waite contributes we especially single out "The Hayfield" (75), with its luminous distance; the view of "Lancing Mill" (186), with his delightful rendering of the golden haze which hangs over the Sussex down; and, perhaps above all, the group of three "Sketches" (278), of which the minute yet delicate reality is worthy of the highest praise. Mr. Alfred Hunt, who is in many ways the chief of this school of English landscape-painting, is unfortunately absent from the present exhibition; but Mr. Charles Robertson has not without success taken up one sphere of Mr. Hunt's talent, and in his "Folkestone" (72) and "Canterbury" (83) gives proof of very sensitive appreciation of bright mist and cloud. Mr. Herbert Marshall, too, has quitted his special line of foggy streets of London, and has been exercising his skilful hand and quick eye upon the Dutchmen and their dwelling-places. Perhaps in colour as well as in drawing his "Haarlem" (344) deserves the first place, but in the "Little Trio" (70) of Dutch seaside spots and the old Dutch port of "Horn" (191) we see him at his best, and able to give some account of that architectural training he had received before taking to the brush and palette. Mr. Robert Allan, however, makes a more stirring appeal for notice by his capably conceived and boldly executed "French Peasants Arriving for the Vintage" (66), landing from their coasting-vessels at some little jetty on the sandy coast of the Gironde or Médoc districts. The mass of blue blouses with which the picture is crowded gives no sense of heaviness or one-sidedness to the scene. It seems perfectly natural; and, what is an even rarer merit, it seems actually moving. Mr. R. W. Allan paints at all times with a broad as well as a bold brush, and cares more for general effect than for minute detail. His "Château d'Amboise" (7) is dexterously drawn, and sits airily high up above the river's bank; but it is far too black in colour to convey an adequate sense of the brightness of the original; but in his study of the "Cheese Market at Alkmaar" (203) he has found a subject which he can treat with real gusto and appreciative admiration. The colours of the foreground are rich, and harmonise with the quaint surrounding buildings and the grey background towards the sea. Mr. Samuel S. Hodson, who is one of the more recent comers to the society, has a number of Italian sketches, chiefly from Verona, in which the architectural features of each spot are truthfully recorded; but as a rule the tone of his atmosphere is grey, and his colours hard. He should learn from Mr. Albert Goodwin the secret of his delicate touch and, above all, of his fanciful colouring, which throws a Turneresque idealism round everything he touches, be it the "Old Bridge at Lucerne" (21), the "Falls of the Rhine" (363) in early spring, or the distant "Cloveley" (231) or "Eton" (48). In each of these, though in different degrees, we recognise the touch of that true poetic feeling which has raised English water-colour art to the position it has so long occupied. Another follower in this path is Mr. Matthew Hale, who this year shows a far wider range of feeling than usual. His study of the "Moors above Bolton Abbey" (114) is full of the rich glory of a Yorkshire summer. The blaze of golden glory which envelops the scene and peeps out through the thick foliage shows a fine sense of English landscape; while the stretching coast view near "Clevedon" (268) interprets truly the curious effects of sun upon the sands and mud-banks of the Bristol Channel. Sir Oswald Brierley's "View of the Salute" (17) seems, on the other hand, to be wholly destitute of local colour, calling up visions rather of Greenwich than of Venice. Mr. Birket Foster's Highland studies in the neighbourhood of Loch Alsh are even more attractive than some of his more detailed work; but one seems to lack the accessories in Mr. J. W. North's "Cherry Trees in Autumn" (182), where the blazing red of the autumn leaves almost dazzles our eyes. Mr. Henry Wallis's "Sick King of Bokhara" (33) and Mr. Charles Robertson's "Khan at Damascus" (126) are interesting specimens of therival treatment of Oriental scenes; but in both the anxiety to give prominence to details and accessories interferes with their complete success. Mr. S. P. Jackson's clever view of the "Schloss Orth" (36), the residence of Archduke John Salvator on the Traunsee, will obtain more than usual notice, since it is said that the castle will become the residence of the ex-Emperor of Brazil; and it is a spot so highly favoured by nature that he may there forget the beauties of Rio Harbour. Miss Clara Montalba is in her grey mood this winter, but she has one bright sketch, almost impressionist, of a holiday at Ramsgate (272), with the sands covered by a bright crowd. We should also mention Mr. Charles Davidson's "On Dartmoor" (44); Mr. Henry Moore in the disguise of Mr. Brett, "Among the Rocks at Jersey" (49); Mr. David Murray's "View of Dittisham" (61) on the Dart, the effect of which is spoilt by the hard lines of the withered tree in the foreground; Mr. Cuthbert Rigby's "Mountain Rill" (87) and "Haytime Among the Fells" (154); Mr. Wilmot Pilbury's "Rippling Stream" (102) and "Somersetshire Cottages" (119); Mr. George Tripp's "Study from Sark" (169), Mr. Eyre Walker's from the "East Coast" (171), and Mr. Paul Naftel's "Stream" (208), a thoroughly good instance of the careful school of painting by which the society earned its reputation long years ago, and by which it has since maintained it against all rivals and new-comers.

THE GOUPIE GALLERY.

Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, and Co. must certainly be congratulated on having the courage of their own or somebody else's opinions in offering their gallery (116 and 117, New Bond-street) to the "London Impressionists." The school, if we may take the present display as exhaustive, is composed of just half a score, whose activity has enabled them to cover the four walls of the larger room with seventy specimens of their art. It is possible that in time the public may be sufficiently educated to appreciate this remarkable display of what (from our present low standpoint) we are inclined to term perverted ingenuity. It is not the place here to discuss either the range or aims of art, or to defend the old dictum that "the purpose of art is to embellish nature"; but so long as we remain a serious people, anxious to leave things a little better than we find them, we have a right to maintain that it is no function of art to travesty nature. Mr. Theodore Roussel may, indeed, claim to have fulfilled the first-named requirement in his "Blue Thames" (53), and to have depicted the Thames at Chelsea as it ought to be. But, in so doing, he has forgotten another precept, which is as binding on the painter as on the poet—"Rien n'est beau que le vrai, le vrai seul est aimable." Were Chelsea Reach on a summer's afternoon such as Mr. Roussel would have us believe, or have us see it through his eyes, Don Saltero's would revive and bid defiance to every sea-side and river-side house of entertainment. What, however, strikes us as even more hopeless a symptom of this new English art than its crude colouring, its grotesque posturing, and its alarming perspective, is the apparent preference of its professors for whatever is *mesquin* in ordinary eyes. The daily commonplace of life transferred to canvas has no more interest than the publication of the household butcher's book, or the details of the laundress's weekly bill. We should resent the latter if introduced into a work of fiction, and only look at with passing curiosity if it appeared in a chronicle dating from the Crusades. And in dealing with nature, as with characters, the London impressionists seem equally devoid of all sense of proportion; for Mr. P. Wilson Steer, for instance, seems to think the pebbles on the beach (33 and 34) are all that "Walberswick" has in the way of attractions. To "produce an effect," by whatever means, seems to be the chief aim of the school—whether it be from a balloon, as would seem to have been Mr. Sidney Starr's point of view when painting "The Marble Arch" (1), or on the top of an omnibus, when his admiration was riveted by the lilac dress of the lady on "The City Atlas" (6), or in the recesses of music-halls, whence Mr. Walter Sickert draws his various inspirations (65, &c.).

But, while unable to recognise the services rendered to art by this school, we are ready to admit the value and truthfulness of some of their work, although similar results might, in our opinion, have been attained by less violent means. Mr. Francis E. James's broad, bright sketches of "Kynance" (10), "Camber Castle" (12), and others, show a fine appreciation of surface beauty. Mr. Frederick Brown's "Study of Sea" (41) is an excellent treatment of waves in sunlight; and his "Walberswick Church" (46) is really bathed in a golden mist, which cannot be praised too highly. Mr. Paul Maitland, too, gives an admirable rendering of blazing sunlight on the old houses of "Milman's Row" (51); but Mr. Francis Bate is hardly so successful in his more complex treatment of "High Noon" (63). Strange as it may sound, after what we have said, the only portrait in the exhibition, that of Mrs. Gray Robertson (58), by Mr. Theodore Roussel, is restrained and almost conventional in both pose and colour—showing that, when the London impressionists like, they can paint as simply and intelligibly as the groundlings in art, above whom they affect to soar.

From what we have said, it may be gathered that the exhibition is not only very original, but is well worth the attention of those who differ in every sense from the school whose works are here for the first time collected.

DOWDESWELL'S GALLERIES.

The exhibition now open at these galleries (160, New Bond-street) is sufficiently varied to meet the tastes of a large public. Mr. Birket Foster's water-colour drawings of "Some Places of Note in England" cover a wide field, from the Tower of London to Bamborø Castle. The series, which consists of twenty-five minute drawings, of which an autograph reproduction will be issued in book form with letterpress, forms a sort of pendant to the artist's "Sketches in Brittany." They are drawn with the delicate care and refinement which mark Mr. Birket Foster's work, but at times bring it under the reproach of being "finicking." There is, perhaps, little room for broad treatment of line or colour in drawings which scarcely exceed six inches in length, but there is plenty of scope for both accuracy and arrangement, and in these qualities Mr. Birket Foster excels. The most successful of the series are "Bamborø Castle" (3), although it is a trifle too pretty in itself and its surroundings; "Woodstock" (5), "Tilbury Fort" (11), "Westminster" (16), and "Oxford" (16), introducing the view of the "High" from below Queen's College, and including the beautiful spire of St. Mary's.

Mr. W. A. Breakspeare's collection consists of seventy pictures, all of cabinet size, of which the most obvious aim is to show how M. Meissonier can be followed without being imitated. Mr. Breakspeare, if he does not possess his French master's deftness and sureness, has a good deal more imaginative power, and in the series illustrative of Tennyson's poems displays a very wide and original fancy. Among the most successful are "The Miller's Daughter" (57), "Mariana" (58), seated on the steps of the Moated Grange; "The Lady of Shalott" (62), borne away in her boat to Camelot; and "Enid" (77), robing herself, and "helped by the mother's careful hand and eye." The weakness of Mr. Breakspeare comes out in his attempt to be dramatic, as in "The Letter" (81); but he finds himself on solid ground in such scenes as "Sancho Panza Administering Justice" (85) and the roystering "Cavalier Singing 'Lillibolero'" (94).

Lastly, we have a collection of nearly fifty drawings in silver-point by that talented young artist Mr. Charles Sainton, who sprang into notice at the Burlington House Exhibition of the present year. The son of parents whose popularity as artists in a wholly different way was as widespread as it was well-deserved, Mr. Charles Sainton bids fair to add to the family distinctions. His touch is, if anything, a trifle too delicate and vapid; but it is easy to see from such works as the "Little Coquette" (117), the "Memento" (131) of a ballet-dancer, and the humorous child in "My Umbrella" (119) that he can handle his pencil with firmness. In the studies of "Girls' Heads" (97 and 127), and even more in the "Fancy" (102), we trace a leaning towards an ideal type of beauty of which the features are singularly soft and refined, and it is not difficult to follow through many of the faces portrayed the recurrence of the same thought or motive apparently without intention or definite purpose. Mr. Sainton is not the first artist who has been so "haunted," and its manifestation does not necessarily betray a limited imagination.

A PAPER CHASE IN SURREY.

The following extract from a correspondent's letter explains a page of Sketches: I was staying in a country house, and had been enjoying some good runs with the hounds. My host one day had received a note from a neighbour, telling him they were going to have a paper chase; and asking, would he come? So, being a non-hunting day, we thought an afternoon gallop would be enjoyable, and we went. The meet was on a heath, some few miles from where I was staying. After an early lunch we trotted off through very pretty country; the sun was shining, and on the hedges, and in the trees overhead, the thrushes and a blackbird or two were singing.

Arrived at the meet, we found a good number of horse-men and horsewomen, also of boys and girls on ponies, and plenty of carriages and foot-people. Presently, a lady and gentleman, who have consented to act as hares, start off, with bags over their shoulders full of paper. They disappear in a neighbouring wood, and are seen no more for the present. After allowing them a certain amount of law, we, who constitute the hounds, are told to go, and gallop merrily onwards, through a pleasant bit of woodland; then over stony fields, here and there a small fence, here and there a sheep-hurdle; but these do not stop us. Presently, we come to a large, undulating heath, which almost suggests the thought of the wild ree-deer; but, after all, are we not hunting nobler quarry even than the deer?

Here there is a check for a minute or two; but a gentleman on a grey hits off the line, which leads us on to a well-known hill, famous for picnics in the summer-time, and for its lovely view. But there is no time to admire it now. We plunge downward through the box-trees, cross a road, up a hill again, and get a fine bit of gallop over some downs. Then we clatter up a lane, which is all that remains of a Roman road, and across some more stony fields, till another range of downs opens before us.

A certain spot on these downs has been agreed on as being the sanctuary of the hares; but as we emerge from a copse we suddenly view them, not very far in front. Immediately everyone puts his or her horse to its best pace; and we see that the hares do so likewise, and strain every nerve to reach home. But a lady on a well-bred bay forges ahead of the hounds, and after an exciting race we see her range up alongside one of the hares, and, with a gentle touch of her whip, she captures him. Meanwhile, the lady-hare, in spite of all our endeavours, reaches the sanctuary in safety, and turns round with a merry glance on her baffled pursuers. So ends a very pleasant gallop, in cheerful company, over a wild country, without the possibility of having done any harm to a farmer.

St. William's Fever Hospital at Rochester was on Nov. 29 destroyed by fire. The patients were rescued with difficulty.

The bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society has been awarded to a young Jersey man named Edward Touzel, who has been instrumental in saving seventeen lives.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has conferred the degree of Doctor in Music on Edmund Hart Turpin, hon. sec. of the College of Organists.

Mr. Andrew Lang gave a most amusing and at the same time instructive lecture at South Kensington, on "How to Fail in Literature," in aid of the College for Men and Women.

The annual football match London v. Oxford and Cambridge, under Association rules, took place at the Queen's Club Grounds on Nov. 30, with the result of a draw of two goals each.

At the triennial election of Rector of the University of St. Andrews the candidates were the Marquis of Dufferin and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the former being chosen by a majority of three.

The Court of Common Council has granted to the Missions to Seamen 100 guineas in consideration of its work among the crews of ships, fishing-vessels, and barges in fifty-three seaports at home and abroad.

J. W. Benson, of Old Bond-street, sends us one of his little books of novelties. This work is quite unique, containing various illustrations of the fashionable moonstone and diamond jewellery, and many other registered productions, the designs of which are very pretty and the prices reasonable. The book is sent post-free on application.

At the opening meeting of the session of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, Sir Lewis Pelly, who presided, addressed the society on "The British Empire in Africa," and subsequently the secretary read a letter written to the society from his camp at Kizinga by Mr. H. M. Stanley, describing the physical features of the country through which he had passed.

Mr. Felix Joseph has presented to the Corporation of Derby, for the use of their Art Museum and Gallery, fifty rare and valuable examples of old "Crown" and other Derby porcelain, with the view of forming the nucleus of a representative collection of those beautiful and highly esteemed ceramics, which flourished in that town towards the latter half of the last century.

Canon Argles, who has already made several large contributions to the Restoration Fund of Peterborough Cathedral, has undertaken to defray the expense of scraping the internal stone-work of the nave, which is estimated to cost £1110. The subscription is given in order that the work of restoration may not further be delayed, and because the committee are out of funds. The Bishop has given a second donation of £100, and the cofferies of Peterborough £50. The family of the late Canon Pratt have given £110 for a stall to his memory.

The first public appearance of the Duke of Edinburgh was at a committee meeting held on Nov. 28 in connection with the forthcoming Art and Sport Exhibition. This is a matter in which his Royal Highness has taken a very keen interest for some months past, and he has spared no pains to make the collection thoroughly illustrative and complete. The ancient pastime of hawking is to be treated exhaustively at the Grosvenor Gallery Show. Libraries have been ransacked to provide a full record of the literature of the subject; all the implements of this noble sport will be on view; and it is intended to exemplify every variety of falcon and each turn of the chase by carefully prepared specimens.

A quarterly court of the governors of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, was held in the board-room of the hospital on Nov. 28. The report of the committee of management, read by the secretary (Mr. Dobbin), stated that since the last court the whole of the older hospital had been placed in the builders' hands, and the needful repairs and cleaning having been completed, the 321 beds in the two buildings were again occupied. The committee had continued to send patients to convalescent homes at Sandgate and Bournemouth, where they were maintained at the cost of the hospital. A grant of £1718 had been received from the Hospital Sunday Fund. The number of in-patients admitted since Aug. 1 was 568; discharged, many greatly benefited, 429; died, 69; and new out-patient cases, 4319. The report was adopted. Mr. W. S. Deacon was unanimously elected treasurer, in the room of the late Lord Leven.



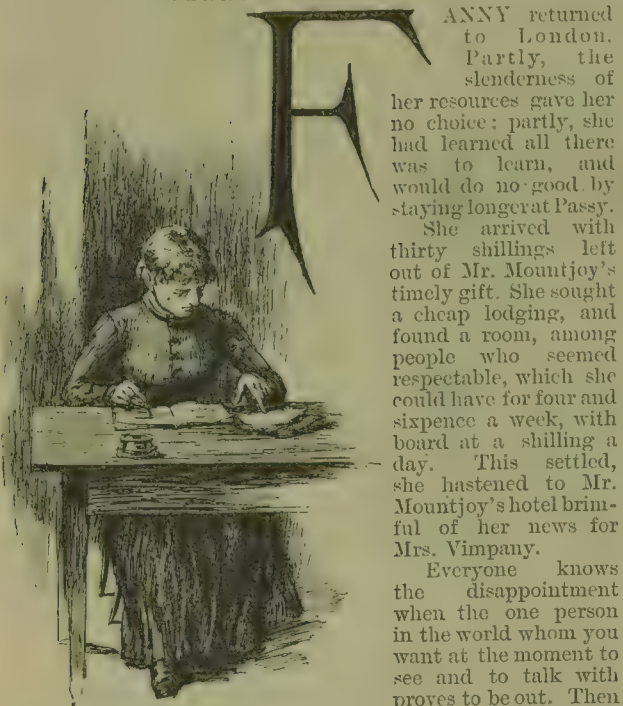
BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

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CHAPTER LVI.

FANNY'S NARRATIVE.



FANNY returned to London.

Partly, the slenderness of her resources gave her no choice; partly, she had learned all there was to learn, and would do no good by staying longer at Passy.

She arrived with thirty shillings left out of Mr. Mountjoy's timely gift. She sought a cheap lodging, and found a room, among people who seemed respectable, which she could have for four and sixpence a week, with board at a shilling a day. This settled, she hastened to Mr. Mountjoy's hotel brimful of her news for Mrs. Vimpany.

Everyone knows the disappointment when the one person in the world whom you want at the moment to see and to talk with proves to be out. Then the news has got to be

suppressed; the conclusions, the suspicions, the guesses have to be postponed; the active brain falls back upon itself.

This disappointment—almost as great as that at Berne—was experienced by Fanny Mere at the hotel.

Mr. Mountjoy was no longer there.

The landlady of the hotel, who knew Fanny, came out herself and told her what had happened.

"He was better," she said, "but still weak. They sent him down to Scotland in Mrs. Vimpany's care. He was to travel by quick or slow stages, just as he felt able. And I've got the address for you. Here it is. Oh! and Mrs. Vimpany left a message. Will you, she says, when you write, send the letter to her and not to him? She says, you know why."

Fanny returned to her lodging profoundly discouraged. She was filled with this terrible secret that she had discovered. The only man who could advise at this juncture was Mr. Mountjoy, and he was gone. And she knew not what had become of her mistress. What could she do? The responsibility was more than she could bear.

The conversation with the French nurse firmly established one thing in her mind. The man who was buried in the cemetery of Auteuil with the name of Lord Harry Norland on a headstone, the man who had lingered so long with pulmonary disease, was the man whose death she had witnessed. It was Oxybe, the Dane. Of that there could be no doubt. Equally there was no doubt in her own mind that he had been poisoned by the doctor—by Mrs. Vimpany's husband—in the presence and, to all appearance, with the consent and full knowledge of Lord Harry himself. Then her mistress was in the power of these two men—villains who had now added murder to their other crimes. As for herself, she was alone, almost friendless; in a week or two she would be penniless. If she told her tale, what mischief might she not do? If she was silent, what mischief might not follow?

She sat down to write to the only friend she had. But her trouble froze her brain. She had not been able to put the case plainly. Words failed her.

She was not at any time fluent with her pen. She now found herself really unable to convey any intelligible account of what had happened. To state clearly all that she knew so that the conclusion should be obvious and patent to the reader would have been at all times difficult, and was now impossible. She could only confine herself to a simple vague statement. "I can only say that from all I have seen and heard I have reasons for believing that Lord Harry is not dead at all." She felt that this was a feeble way of summing up, but she was not at the moment equal to more. "When I write again, after I have heard from you, I will tell you more. To-day I cannot. I am too much weighed down. I am afraid of saying too much. Besides, I have no money, and must look for work. I am not anxious, however, about my own future, because my lady will not forsake me. I am sure of that. It is my anxiety about her and the dreadful secrets I have learned which give me no rest."

Several days passed before the answer came. And then it was an answer which gave her little help. "I have no good news for you," she said. "Mr. Mountjoy continues weak. Whatever your secret, I cannot ask you to communicate it to him in his present condition. He has been grieved and angry beyond all belief by Lady Harry's decision to rejoin her husband. It is hard to understand that a man should be so true a friend and so constant a lover. Yet he has brought himself to declare that he has broken off all friendly relations with her. He could no longer endure London. It was associated with thoughts and memories of her. In spite of his weak condition, he insisted on coming down here to his Scotch villa. Ill as he was, he would brook no delay. We came down by very easy stages, stopping at Peterborough, York, Durham, Newcastle, and Berwick—at some places for one night, and others for more. In spite of all my precautions, when we arrived at the villa he was dangerously exhausted. I sent for the local doctor, who seems to know something. At all events, he is wise enough to understand that this is not a case for drugs. Complete rest and absence from all agitating thoughts must be aimed at. Above all, he is not to see the newspapers. That is fortunate, because, I suppose, Lord Harry's death has been announced in them, and the thought that his former mistress is a widow might excite him very dangerously. You will now understand why I left that message at the hotel for you, and why I have not shown him your letter. I told him, it is true, that you had returned without finding your mistress. 'Speak no more to me of Lady Harry,' he replied irritably. So I have said no more. As for money, I have a few pounds by me, which are at your service. You can repay me at some future time. I have thought of one thing—that new Continental paper

started by Lord Harry. Wherever she may be, Lady Harry is almost sure to see that. Put an advertisement in it addressed to her, stating that you have not heard of her address, but that you yourself will receive any letter sent to some post-office which you can find. I think that such an advertisement will draw a reply from her, unless she desires to remain in seclusion."

Fanny thought the suggestion worth adopting. After careful consideration, she drew up an advertisement:—

"Fanny M. to L.—H.—. I have not been able to ascertain your address. Please write to me, at the Post Office, Hunter-street, London, W.C."

She paid for the insertion of this advertisement three times on alternate Saturdays. They told her that this would be a more likely way than to take three successive Saturdays. Then, encouraged by the feeling that something, however little, had been done, she resolved to sit down and to write out a narrative in which she would set down in order everything that had happened—exactly as it had happened. Her intense hatred and suspicion of Dr. Vimpany aided her, strange to say, to keep to the strictest fidelity as regards the facts. For it was not her desire to make up charges and accusations. She wanted to find out the exact truth, and so to set it down that anybody who read her statement would arrive at the same conclusion as she herself had done. In the case of an eye-witness there are thousands of things which cannot be produced in evidence which yet are most important in directing and confirming suspicions. The attitude, the voice, the look of a speaker, the things which he conceals as well as the things which he reveals—all these are evidence. But these Fanny was unable to set down. Therefore it behoved her to be strictly careful.

First, she stated how she became aware that there was some secret scheme under consideration between Lord Harry and the doctor. Next, she set down the fact that they began to talk French to each other, thinking that she could not understand them; that they spoke of deceiving Lady Harry by some statement which had already deceived the authorities; that the doctor undertook to get the lady out of the house; that they engaged herself as nurse to a sick man; that she suspected from the beginning that their design was to profit in some way by the death of this sick man, who bore a slight resemblance to Lord Harry himself. And so on, following the story as closely as she could remember, to the death of the Dane and her own subsequent conversation with the nurse. She was careful to put in the dates, day after day. When she had done all this—it took a good deal of time—she bought a manuscript book and copied it all out. This enabled her to remember two or three facts which had escaped her at the beginning. Then she made another copy—this time without names of people or place. The second copy she forwarded as a registered letter to Mrs. Vimpany, with a letter of which this was the conclusion: "Considering, therefore, that on Wednesday morning I left Lord Harry in perfect health: considering that on the Thursday morning I saw the man who had been ill so long actually die—how, I have told you in the packet enclosed; considering that the nurse was called in purposely to attend a patient who was stated to have long been ill—there can be no doubt whatever that the body in the cemetery is that of the unfortunate Dane, Oxybe; and that, somewhere or other, Lord Harry is alive and well."

"What have they done it for? First of all, I suppose, to get money. If it were not for the purpose of getting money the doctor would have had nothing to do with the conspiracy, which was his own invention. That is very certain. Your idea was they would try to get money out of the Insurance Offices. I suppose that is their design. But Lord Harry may have many other secret reasons of his own for wishing to be thought dead. They say his life has been full of wicked things, and he may well wish to be considered dead and gone. Lots of wicked men would like above all things, I should think, to be considered dead and buried. But the money matter is at the bottom of all, I am convinced. What are we to do?"

What could they do? These two women had got hold of a terrible secret. Neither of them could move. It was too big a thing. One cannot expect a woman to bring her own husband—however wicked a husband he may be—to the awful shame and horror of the gallows if murder should be proved—or to a lifelong imprisonment if the conspiracy alone should be brought home to him. Therefore Mrs. Vimpany could do nothing. As for Fanny, the mere thought of the pain she would inflict upon her mistress were Lord Harry, through her interference, to be brought to justice and an infamous sentence kept her quiet.

Meantime, the announcement of Lord Harry's death had been made. Those who knew the family history spoke cheerfully of the event. "Best thing he had ever done. Very good thing for his people. One more bad lot out of the way. Dead, Sir, and a very good thing too. Married, I believe. One of the men who have done everything. Pity they can't write a life of him." These were the comments made upon the decease of this young gentleman. Such is fame. Next day he was clean forgotten; just as if he had never existed. Such is life.

CHAPTER LVII.

AT LOUVAIN.

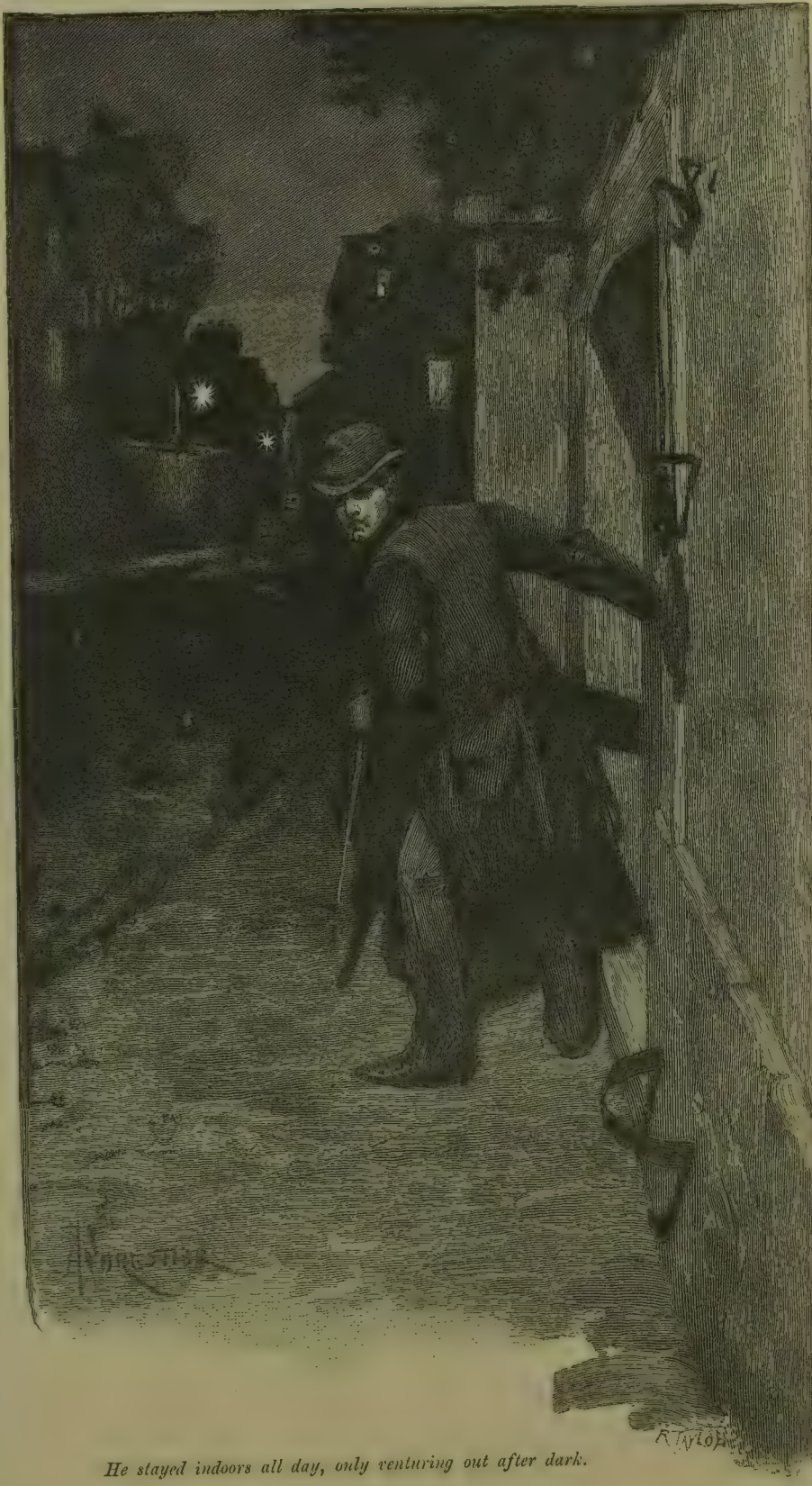
Not many English tourists go out of their way to visit Louvain, even though it has a Hôtel de Ville surpassing that of Brussels itself, and though one can get there in an hour from that city of youth and pleasure. And there are no English residents at all in the place—at least, none in evidence, though perhaps there may be some who have gone there for the same reasons which led Mr. William Linville and his wife to choose this spot—in order to be private and secluded. There are many more people than we know of who desire, above all things, seclusion and retirement, and dread nothing so much as a chance meeting with an old friend.

Mr. William Linville took a small house, furnished, like the cottage at Passy, and, also like that little villa, standing in its own garden. Here, with a cook and a maid, Iris set up her modest ménage. To ask whether she was happy would be absurd. At no time since her marriage had she been happy: to live under the condition of perpetual concealment is not in itself likely to make a woman any the happier. Fortunately she had no time to experience the full bitterness of the plan proposed by her husband.

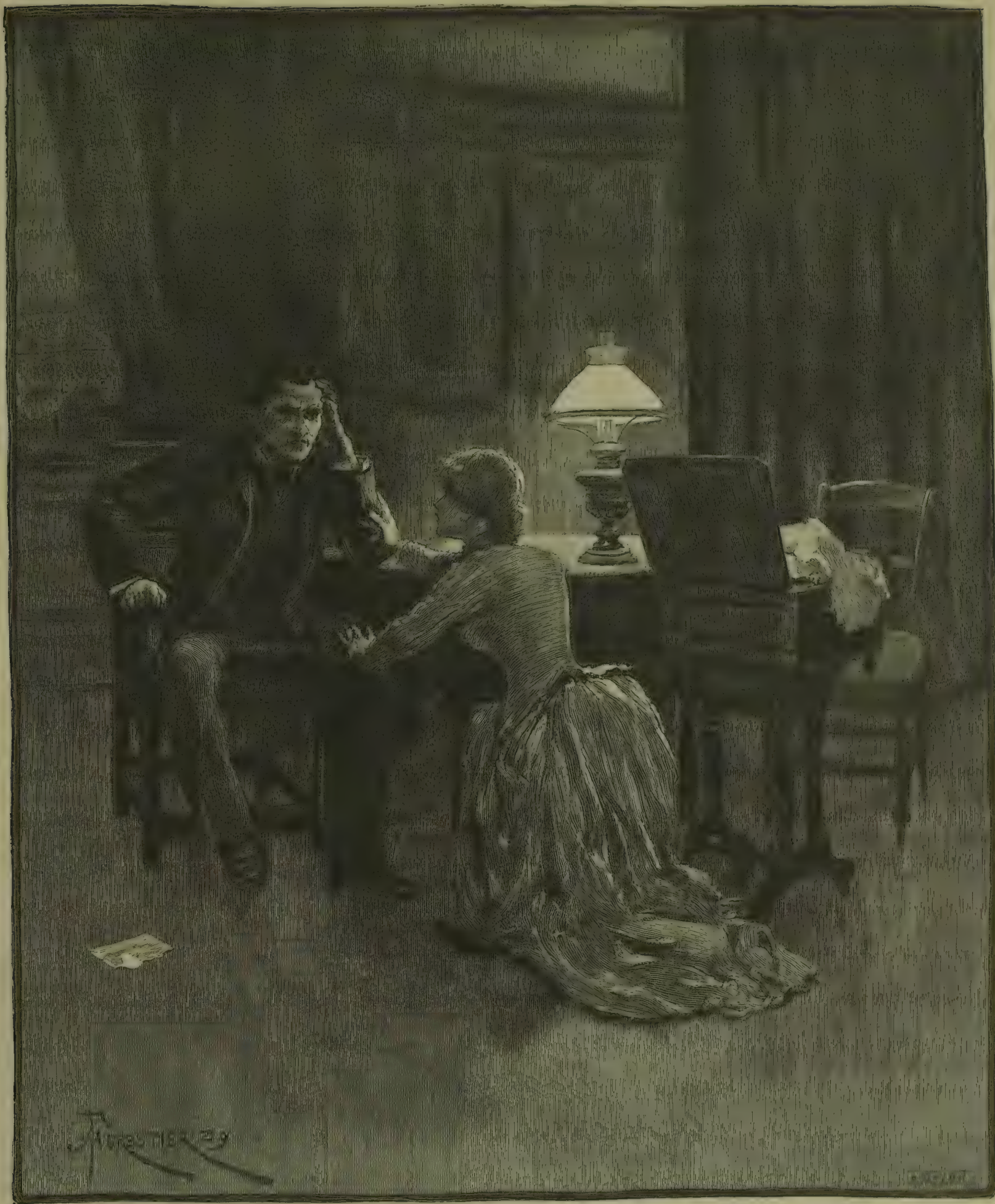
Consider. Had their scheme actually been carried out quite successfully, this pair, still young, would have found themselves condemned to transportation for life. That was the first thing. Next, they could never make any friends among their own countrymen or countrywomen for fear of discovery. Iris could never again speak to an English lady. If they had children the risk would appear ten times more terrible, the consequences ten times more awful. The children themselves would have to grow up without family and without friends. The husband, cut off from intercourse with other men, would be thrown back upon himself. Husband and wife, with this horrible load laid upon them, would inevitably grow to loathe and hate the sight of each other. The man would almost certainly take to drink; the woman—but we must not follow this line any further. The situation lasted only so long as to give the wife a glimpse of what it might become in the future.

They took their house, and sat down in it. They were very silent. Lord Harry, his great corp successfully carried so far, sat taciturn and glum. He stayed indoors all day, only venturing out after dark. For a man whose whole idea of life was motion, society, and action, this promised ill.

The monotony was first broken by the arrival of Hugh's letter, which was sent in with other documents from Passy. Iris read it; she read it again, trying to understand exactly what it meant. Then she tore it up. "If he only knew," she said, "he would not have taken the trouble even to write this letter. There is no answer, Hugh. There can be none—now. Act by your advice? Henceforth, I must act by order. I am a conspirator."



He stayed indoors all day, only venturing out after dark.



"Harry"—she threw herself upon her knees—"spare me!"

Two days afterwards came a letter from the doctor. He did not think it necessary to say anything about Fanny's appearance or her journey to Berne. "Everything," he wrote, "has so far gone well. The world knows, through the papers, that Lord Harry is dead. There will be now only the business of claiming the money. For this purpose, as his widow is the sole heiress and executrix, it will be necessary for her to place the will and the policies of insurance in the hands of her husband's lawyers, so that the will may be proved and the claims duly made. Forms will have to be signed. The medical certificate of death and the forms attesting the burial are already in the lawyers' hands. The sooner the widow goes to London the better. She should write to announce her arrival, and she should write from Paris as if she had been staying there after her husband's death.

"I have only to remind you, my dear Linville, that you are indebted to me in the sum of £2000. Of course, I shall be very pleased to receive a cheque for this sum in full as soon as you have touched the amount due to you. I shall be in Paris, at the Hôtel Continental, where you may address me. Naturally, there is no desire for concealment, and if the Insurance Companies desire any information from me I am always ready and willing to afford it."

Lord Harry gave this letter to his wife.

She read it, and laid it open in her lap.

"Must it be, Harry? Oh! must it be?"

"There is no other way possible, dear. But really it is nothing. You were not at Passy when your husband died. You had been in London—you were in Brussels—anywhere; when you arrived it was all over; you have seen his headstone. Dr. Vimpany had him in his care; you knew he was ill, but you thought it was a trifling matter which time would cure;

you go to the lawyers and present the will. They have the policies, and will do everything else; you will not even have to sign anything. The only thing that you must do is to get a complete rig-out of widow's weeds. Mind—there will not be the slightest doubt or question raised. Considering everything, you will be more than justified in seeing no one and going nowhere."

Hugh's letter breaking in upon her fool's paradise had awakened the poor woman to her better self; she had gone so far with the fraud as to acquiesce in it; but she recoiled with horror and shame when this active part was forced upon her.

"Oh, Harry!"—she burst into tears. "I cannot—I cannot. You ask me to be a liar and a thief—oh! heavens!—a vile thief!"

"It is too late, Iris! We are all vile thieves. It is too late to begin crying now."

"Harry"—she threw herself upon her knees—"spare me! Let some other woman go, and call herself your widow. Then I will go away and hide myself."

"Don't talk nonsense, Iris," he replied roughly. "I tell you it is far too late. You should have thought of this before. It is now all arranged."

"I cannot go," she said.

"You must go; otherwise, all our trouble may prove useless."

"Then I will not go!" she declared, springing to her feet. "I will not degrade myself any further. I will not go!"

Harry rose too. He faced her for a moment. His eyes dropped. Even he remembered, at that moment, how great must be the fall of a woman who would consent to play such a part!

"You shall not go," he said, "unless you like. You can

leave me to the consequences of my own acts—to my own degradation. Go back to England. In one thing only spare me. Do not tell what you know. As for me, I will forge a letter from you!"

"Forge a letter!"

"It is the only way left open, giving the lawyers authority to act, and inclosing the will. What will happen next? By whose hands the money is to reach me I know not yet. But you can leave me, Iris. Better that you should leave me—I shall only drag you lower."

"Why must you forge the letter? Why not come with me somewhere—the world is large!—to some place where you are not known, and there let us begin a new life? We have not much money, but I can sell my watches and chains and rings, and we shall have enough. O Harry! for once be guided—listen to me! We shall find some humble manner of living, and we may be happy yet. There is no harm done if you have only pretended to be dead; nobody has been injured or defrauded!"

"Iris, you talk wildly! Do you imagine, for one moment, that the doctor will release me from my bargain?"

"What bargain?"

"Why—of course he was to be paid for the part he has taken in the business. Without him it could never have been done at all."

"You are to pay him some of the money," she said, conscious that such agreements belonged to works of fiction and to police courts.

"Certainly I have to pay him a good large slice out of the money."

"It is fifteen thousand pounds, is it not? How much is to be paid to the—to the doctor?"

"We agreed that he was to have the half," said Lord Harry, laughing lightly. "But as I thought that seven thousand five hundred pounds was a sum of money which would probably turn his head and bring him to starvation in a year or two, I told him that the whole amount was four thousand pounds. Therefore he is to have two thousand pounds for his share. And quite enough too."

"Treachery on treachery!" said his wife. "Fraud on fraud! Would to God," she added with a sigh, "that you had never met this man!"

"I daresay it would have been better for me, on the whole," he replied. "But then, my dear, a man like myself is always meeting people whom it would have been better not to have met. Like will to like, I suppose. Given the active villain and the passive consenter, and they are sure to meet. Not that I throw stones at the worthy doctor. Not at all."

"We cannot, Harry," said his wife.

"We cannot, my dear. Bien entendu! Well, Iris, there is no more to be said. You know the situation completely. You can back out of it if you please, and leave me. Then I shall have to begin all over again a new conspiracy far more dangerous than the last. Well, I shall not drag you down with me. That is my resolution. If it comes to public degradation—but it shall not. Iris, I promise you one thing." For once he looked as if he meant it. "Death before dishonour."

"Thank you. With your permission—though it may detain your ladyship—I will read it. Humph! it is short and to the point. This will certainly give us little trouble. I fear, however, that, besides the insurances, your ladyship will not receive much."

"Nothing. My husband was always a poor man, as you know. At the time of his death he left a small sum of money only. I am, as a matter of fact, greatly inconvenienced."

"Your ladyship shall be inconvenienced no longer. You must draw upon us. As regards Lord Harry's death, we are informed by Dr. Vimpany, who seems to have been his friend as well as his medical adviser—"

"Dr. Vimpany had been living with him for some time."

"—that he had a somewhat protracted illness?"

"I was away from my husband. I was staying here in London—on business—for some time before his death. I was not even aware that he was in any danger. When I hurried back to Passy I was too late. My husband was—was already buried."

"It was most unfortunate. And the fact that his lordship was not on speaking terms with the members of his own family—pray understand that I am not expressing any opinion on the case—but this fact seems to render his end more unhappy."

"He had Dr. Vimpany," said Iris, in a tone which suggested to the lawyer jealousy or dislike of the doctor.

"Well," he said, "it remains to prove the will and to make our claims against the Insurance Office. I have the policy here. His lordship was insured in the Royal Unicorn Life Insurance Company for the sum of £15,000. We must not expect to have this large claim satisfied quite immediately. Perhaps the office will take three months to settle. But, as I said before, your ladyship can draw upon us."

"You are certain that the Company will pay?"

"Assuredly. Why not? They must pay."

"Oh! I thought that perhaps so large a sum—"

"My dear Madam"—the man who administered so much real and personal property smiled—"fifteen thousand pounds is not what we call a very large sum. Why, if an Insurance Company refused to pay a lawful claim it would cut its own throat—absolutely. Its very existence depends upon its meeting all just and lawful claims. The death being proved it remains for the Company to pay the insurance into the hands of the person entitled to receive it. That is, in this case, to me, acting for you."

"Yes—I see—but I thought that, perhaps, my husband having died abroad there might be difficulty—"

"There might, if he had died in Central Africa. But he died in a suburb of Paris, under French law, which, in such matters, is even more careful and exacting than our own. We have the official papers, and the doctor's certificate. We have, besides, a photograph of the unfortunate gentleman lying on his death-bed—this was well thought of: it is an admirable likeness—the sun cannot lie—we have also a photograph of the newly erected tombstone. Doubt? Dear me, Madam, they could no more raise a doubt as to your husband's death than if he were buried in the family vault. If anything should remove any ground for doubt, it is the fact that the only person who benefits by his death is yourself. If, on the other hand, he had been in the hands of persons who had reason to wish for his death, there might have been suspicions of foul play, which would have been matter for the police—but not for an Insurance Company."

"Oh! I am glad to learn, at least, that there will be no trouble. I have no knowledge of business, and I thought that—"

"No—no—your ladyship need have no such ideas. In fact, I have already anticipated your arrival, and have sent to the manager of the Company. He certainly went so far as to express surprise as to the cause of death. Consumption in any form was not supposed to be in your husband's family. But Lord Harry—ahem!—tried his constitution—tried his constitution, as I put it."

He had put it a little differently. What he said was to the following effect—"Lord Harry Norland, Sir, was a Devil. There was nothing he did not do. I only wonder that he has lived so long. Had I been told that he died of everything all together, I should not have been surprised. Ordinary rapid consumption was too simple for such a man."

Iris gave the lawyer her London address, obeyed him by drawing a hundred pounds, half of which she sent to Mr. William Linville, at Louvain, and went home to wait. She must now stay in London until the claim was discharged.

She waited six weeks. At the end of that time she learned from her solicitors that the Company had settled, and that they, the lawyers, had paid to her bankers the sum of £15,000, being the whole of the insurance.

Acting, then, on her husband's instructions, she sought another bank and opened an account for one William Linville, gentleman, residing abroad. She gave herself as a reference, left the usual signature of William Linville, and paid to his account a cheque for £8000. She saw the manager of her own bank, explained that this large cheque was for an investment, and asked him to let her have £2000 in bank-notes. This sum, she added, was for a special purpose. The manager imagined that she was about to perform some act of charity, perhaps an expiatory work on behalf of her late husband.

She then wrote to Dr. Vimpany, who was in Paris, making

an appointment with him. Her work of fraud and falsehood was complete.

"There has been no trouble at all," she wrote to her husband; "and there will not be any. The Insurance Company has already settled the claim. I have paid £8000 to the account of William Linville. My own banker—who knows my father—believes that the money is an investment. My dear Harry, I believe that, unless the doctor begins to worry us—which he will do as soon as his money is all gone—a clear course lies before us. Let us, as I have already begged you to do, go straight away to some part of America, where you are certain not to be known. You can dye your hair and grow a beard to make sure. Let us go away from every place and person that may remind us of the past. Perhaps, in time, we may recover something of the old peace and—can it ever be?—the old self-respect."

There was going to be trouble, however, and that of a kind little expected, impossible to be guarded against. And it would be trouble caused by her own act and deed.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Miss Maude Valérie White's song "At her Spinning-wheel" may well compare with the many successful vocal pieces produced by the same composer. The melody is pleasing and simple while yet not being commonplace; and the accompaniment is well contrasted with the voice part. Another name favourably known as a song composer is that of F. L. Moir, whose "Will you come back to me?" is thoroughly vocal in its melody, and includes a good incidental use of waltz rhythm. Both the songs just named are published by Messrs. Morley and Co., who also issue "The Captain of the Lifeboat," a song in which there are some stirring lines by F. E. Weatherly, narrating a wreck and a rescue. Mr. L. Diehl has associated the verses with some spirited musical phrases, with marked rhythm in declamatory style.

"Suite," for pianoforte, by E. German—Edwin Ashdown. This is a work issued under a title belonging to the past, but which has recently been much used to imply a series of movements, with a freer scope than that implied by the term "sonata." Mr. German's work comprises several divisions—Impromptu, Valse-caprice, Bourrée, Elegy, Mazurka, and Tarantella. Here is ample variety of form and style, and each movement is reflective of the studious and thoughtful musician. There is throughout the "Suite" much characteristic and effective writing.

"The Good Pilot," by J. A. Cameron, is a song of a genuine English character, the melody being bold and well marked in its rhythm. Messrs. Duff and Stewart are the publishers, as also of some pleasant pianoforte pieces, written in a showy but not difficult style. "Whispering Angels" and "Joyous Moments" are the titles of two melodies by A. Buhl. The first has a prevailing tone of sentimental expression, with incidental florid passages; the other being in a lighter and more vivacious style. "Elijah" has furnished suggestions for two pianoforte pieces to A. De Lorme, who has treated, with great freedom, detached passages from Mendelssohn's fine oratorio. The same adapter has also produced an adaptation of "Home, Sweet Home," arranged in florid and brilliant style, apparently in emulation of Thalberg's well-known fantasia on the same subject.

"Ricordi's Cheap Edition of Dance Music."—This is the first volume of a work recently issued by the eminent firm of Ricordi and Lucca (of London and Milan, and other European cities). The publication will be welcome in drawing-room circles, especially during the coming festive season. Seven bright pieces of music, in various modern dance forms, by different composers, are given for a shilling, and cheapness is here combined with goodness of paper, engraving, and printing.

SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION.

At the second ordinary meeting of the Society of Arts, held under the presidency of Mr. A. J. Mundella, M.P., Dr. J. Hall Gladstone read a paper on "Scientific and Technical Instruction in Elementary Schools." While the opinion of educational authorities in recent years, said Dr. Gladstone, had been increasingly in favour of a large infusion of scientific teaching, and while the instructions given to her Majesty's inspectors with regard to teaching left little to be desired, the time was necessarily greatly restricted by the amount of attention requisite in order to satisfy the inspector in reading, and especially in spelling. There was a great improvement in the manner in which geography was taught. Elementary science, however, as a class subject, had gained no footing in our schools. Grants could be obtained for not more than two subjects, of which English must be one. The consequence was that in boys' schools, if any subject was undertaken beyond English, it was almost sure to be the familiar subject of geography, while in the girls' schools the temptation of getting for needlework two shillings as a class subject, instead of one shilling for each girl under Article 109, caused it to displace geography, history, and science. He ventured to lay down as essential principles that the knowledge of things as given, especially by object lessons, should precede the knowledge of words; that this teaching of nature should have reference mainly to facts within the observation of children, and to the fundamental principles which underlay all natural knowledge, and that these object lessons should continue during the whole time of the stay of the child at the school, and should be equally encouraged with elementary studies. Upon the subject of technical studies Dr. Gladstone summed up what has been done in this direction up to the present. In conclusion, he expressed the opinion that the elementary school should not give, but should prepare the way for, those more special studies which, in polytechnics, technical schools, and continuation classes, might fit the learner to perform easily and happily all the varied work of life.

Mr. Lees Knowles, M.P., Private Secretary to Mr. Ritchie, has consented to act as Hon. Secretary of the Guinness Trust for the Housing of the Poor.

Messrs. J. H. Lorimer, A.R.S.A., W. H. Bartlett, T. Hope McLachlan, A. Chevallier Tayler, and W. H. Pike have been elected members of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

Lord Windsor has intimated to the Rev. W. Sweet Escott, Rector of Penarth, that in addition to a contribution of £3000 towards the building fund of the new church he is also prepared to provide a site for it on the Victoria-road. The plans of the church have been approved by Lord Windsor, and the total expenditure is estimated at close upon £6000.

The last pearl-fishing season in Ceylon was most successful. The season lasts only twenty-two days, and during that period 11,000,000 oysters were brought to the surface by fifty divers. They are paid by one fourth of the number. This season the whole produce was sold at the rate of 2s. per 1000 shells. The Government received £20,000 as their share, and the divers £6400. The largest pearls are worth in Ceylon from £40 to £60, and in Europe they fetch three times the price, or more.



Three days afterwards a hansom cab drove to the offices of the very respectable firm of solicitors who managed the affairs of the Norland family.

Death without your name being mixed up at all, save with pity for being the wife of such a man."

Again he conquered her.

"Harry," she said, "I will go."

CHAPTER LVIII.

"OF COURSE THEY WILL PAY."

Three days afterwards a hansom cab drove to the offices of the very respectable firm of solicitors who managed the affairs of the Norland family. They had one or two other families as well, and, in spite of agricultural depression, they made a very good thing indeed out of a very comfortable business. The cab contained a lady in deep widow's weeds.

Lady Harry Norland expected to be received with coldness and suspicion. Her husband, she knew, had not led the life expected in these days of a younger son. Nor had his record been such as to endear him to his elder brother. Then, as may be imagined, there were other tremors, caused by a guilty knowledge of certain facts which might by some accident "come out." Everybody has tremors for whom something may come out. Also, Iris had had no experience of solicitors, and was afraid of them.

Instead of being received, however, by a gentleman as solemn as the Court of Chancery and as terrible as the Court of Assize, she found an elderly gentleman, of quiet, paternal manners, who held both her hands, and looked as if he was weeping over her bereavement. A long practice this worthy person could always, at a moment's notice, assume the appearance of one who was weeping with his client.

"My dear lady!" he murmured. "My dear lady! This is a terrible time for you."

She started. She feared that something had come out.

"In the moment of bereavement, too, to think of business."

"I have brought you," she replied curtly, "my husband's—my late husband's—will."

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

A correspondent, alluding to my remarks regarding the light-producing bacteria (or germs) described in last month's "Look Round," as affecting certain lower forms of animal life, informs me that at East Dulwich a garden-centipede was found in October last, exhibiting the luminous appearance noted. The animal was at first mistaken for a glow-worm; but its centipede nature is evident from a sketch which was forwarded to me. Probably the existence of such luminous insects, &c., is more common than has hitherto been supposed. M. Giard's idea, already noted by me (namely, that the luminosity is to be regarded as a result of disease), seems adequately to explain the nature of the occurrence.

I have been asked to give some details respecting the great dragon-tree of Orotava, whose fame is, or rather was, a matter of world-wide nature. Recently this great tree died, and with it perished the source of a whole host of legends and curious stories. The dragon-trees belong to the group of lilies, and it is therefore only by courtesy that they can be called trees. The dragon-tree of Orotava formed one of the "lions" of the place, and visitors to Teneriffe invariably made a pilgrimage to this vegetable shrine. Humboldt describes this identical tree in his "Pictures of Nature," and tells us that it grows in the garden of M. Franqui, in the little villa of Orotava, called Taoro, "one of the most beautiful spots in the civilised world." As regards the age of this tree, history fails in recording the great extent of its duration. In 1799, Humboldt described it as apparently about 50 ft. or 60 ft. high. Its circumference near the roots was given at 48 ft., and the diameter of the trunk 10 ft. from the ground was set down at 12 feet. Within its hollow stem the natives used to practise their religious rites; and when Alonzo De Lugo, who conquered Teneriffe, visited Orotava in 1493, he converted the hollow stem into a chapel, in which the mass was duly celebrated. Humboldt estimated its age at 10,000 years. This was probably a haphazard guess; still, it is never safe to dogmatise in matters dealing with the possible age of trees, in which the vital processes may go on at a fixed rate, involving but little expenditure of energy, for centuries.

Here is a jotting the practical science of which may interest my lady readers. Réaumur, more than one hundred and fifty years ago, says my authority, made quite extensive researches on clothes-moths; and, observing that they never attacked the wool and hair on living animals, he inferred that the natural odour of the wool, or of the oily matter in it, was distasteful to them. He therefore rubbed various garments with the wool of fresh pelts, and also wet other garments with the water in which wool had been washed, and found that they were never attacked by moths. He also experimented with tobacco-smoke and the odours of spirits of turpentine, and found that both of these were destructive to the moths; but it was necessary to close the rooms very tightly, and keep the fumes very dense in them for twenty-four hours, to obtain satisfactory results. Mr. C. H. Fernald, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, has always found that any material subject to the attacks of moths may be preserved from them if packed away with sprigs of cedar between the folds. The odour of cedar is so disagreeable to them that they will not deposit their eggs where this substance is present in full strength. Chests of cedar, or closets finished in the same wood, will protect clothing from moths as long as the odour is strong; but this is lost with age, and then they are no protection. It must be remembered that the odour of cedar, camphor, &c., only prevents the moth from laying her eggs on the fabrics; but if the eggs are laid before the garments are packed away with cedar, &c., the odour will not prevent the hatching of the eggs nor the destructive work of the larvæ afterwards. Clothing may also be protected from moths by packing it in bags made of either stout paper or cotton cloth, if made perfectly tight, but this must be done before the moths appear on the wing in the spring season.

I have been struck of late years with the great improvements which have taken place in the products of the druggist's shop, and especially with the elegant fashion in which medicines are now made and administered. It would seem as though drug-taking had been reduced to the utmost verge of simplicity. The other day I was shown a complete family medicine-chest, of the size of an ordinary crown octavo volume. Instead of its bottles being big, they were tiny receptacles, and, in place of being filled with crude fluids and powders, they contained neat little lozenges called "tabloids." The dose represented by a tabloid is exactly given—say five grains—so that mistakes in dosage are impossible; while as far as children are concerned, the advantages of giving otherwise nauseous medicines in the form of simple and practically tasteless tabloids can be readily estimated. If we recall the gruesome faces and other physical signs of disgust of our youthful days, when the familiar and useful but nauseous "Gregory" was prescribed, we may, even as adults, be able to realise what improved pharmacy means, when the delectable powder in question is now found neatly included in a tabloid; which may be swallowed with a gulp of water in peace and comfort. I believe it is to the ingenuity of Messrs. Burroughs and Wellcome, of London and America, that we owe this improvement in drugs, and our doctors, by the same token, have acquired a certainty in giving doses which, under the old "teaspoonful" and "tablespoonful" system, was absolutely impossible.

The report of the Paris Congress on Alcoholism forms a document which, while it necessarily contains some details of sad enough nature, shows how large an amount of crime and of insanity depends on the excessive consumption of intoxicating liquors. In France, I read that the amount of alcohol consumed per head from 1873-7 was 2.72 litres; from 1878-82, 3.53 litres; and from 1883-7, 3.83 litres. The increase of crime during the periods thus stated is given as rising from 172,000 to 195,000, and of insane persons from 37,000 to 52,000. In Belgium, where the figures for 1851, 1871, and 1881 were given respectively for consumption of beer per head, 138, 159, and 170 litres; for wine, 2.00, 3.55, and 3.75 litres; and for alcohol, 5.87, 7.66, and 9.75 litres, there had been almost a doubling of crime, suicide, and insanity. As regards Norway, on the other hand, where there had been, since 1844, a decrease in the consumption of alcohol (from 10 litres to 4 litres in 1876), a corresponding diminution in crime was evinced. Of course the question of crime and insanity, as related to alcohol consumption, is a complex one; but if we are to believe the testimony of our judges and social reformers, there can be no doubt that alcoholic excess is in itself the most powerful of predisposing causes to the moral decadence of individuals and nations alike. I might add that many of the problems connected with the sustenance and relief of the poor and needy might be made easier of solution if the alcohol question could be dealt with in a more satisfactory fashion than is at present possible. ANDREW WILSON.

DECEMBER DAYS.

Is it fair to say that December is "the season of chilliness and cloudiness, of cheerless skies, dreary prospects, and miry roads"? Yet it is an opinion which some years ago at any rate, it seems, was prevalent. There is a fashion in everything, and probably in the estimation of months. True it is that for the most part vegetable nature seems to have become torpid, and, like the animals which hibernate, to be about to sleep away the cold and unpropitious weather till the warmth of the ensuing spring shall arrive. But the slumber is only apparent: life is there, though unseen. Yet this opinion of December is, as far as our own and, doubtless, many readers' experience goes, very unjust. Indeed, to those to the manner born there are some of the most charming days of the year in December. On a clear frosty day, when in the brief sunshine of the flying hours the roads gleam white, the fields in their brown fallow are lit by the welcome rays, and the copses amid the leafless branches of most of the trees still refresh the eyes with the deep green of fir, ivy, laurel, and arbutus, it may well be said that a fine English December day is in its own delights second to none. Yes! even the Londoner, with all the pessimistic traditions of his maligned city atmosphere, can appreciate a clear "bracing December day." Much more can those whose life is passed amid woods and fields, which present to the mind that can appreciate them continual joys of their own, simple enough yet perennial. The red gleam of the clusters of holly-berries in the glossy-leaved bushes that stand in lane and dingle—the delight of our boyhood when on expeditions for procuring those "Christmas boughs," which were so infinitely finer than any we ever purchased later on at Covent Garden—the hedges variegated with the latest-coloured leafage of autumn, and the crimson hips and haws, the leaves still left on oak, beech, and hornbeam, the "keys" of the ash, and the wreaths of fiery berries, on the dark-green, thorny sprays of the pyracanthus, and the silver fruit and dark-green leaves of the mistletoe with all its ancient memories and associations—all help to make December's rural charm. The bramble-leaves still thinly scatter with green the bare hedges, and hawthorn and spindle-berries add their crimson points to the general aspect, and so light up the month amid the general brown of the other shrubs. Look at these on a clear day, and say which is the more correct—the description of the month with which we began, or Spenser's notion of December—

And in his hand a broad, deepe bowle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks a health to all his peeres.

And what will shooter and angler say of "dreary December" days? For no month in the year holds more miscellaneous chances for the former, or finer ones for the latter, who knows the sport which a big pike in finest condition affords when in pursuit of a silvery dace spinning across the rapid stream on a clear frosty day. As for the shooter's bag, he has the probability on such a day of finding some wild partridges, whose wildness matches their plumpness and full development; some outlying pheasants which have escaped the November battue, and whose splendour of plumage is equal to their magnificent condition and rocketing flight; and snipe, wild duck, and an occasional woodcock—incomparable prize!—will probably be added to the bag. Indeed, we know of no month which, over what is called a rough country, is more full of opportunities for those who love genuine wild shooting than is December.

Despite the advocates of the cycle or the more fortunate people who, on or behind a good horse, can traverse a stretch of country on a clear but brilliant winter's day, there is, perhaps, no more exhilarating way of proceeding than as a humble pedestrian. Now, a rural walk on a fine day in December, as Cowper and others have proved, is not unworthy of being sung in poetry or described in prose. And herein will you find the proof of our contention that December can, to the mind attuned to it, afford a charm which should brighten the dulllest neighbourhood. For one thing, the holly-trees are among the commonest as the greatest ornaments of the season. Among our dearest and earliest recollections are some clumps of holly in thick luxuriance, which stood furze-surrounded on a wide downland, and which harboured alike game and wild birds. The shining leaves and crimson berries almost everywhere will gleam in their brilliant contrast from the hedges. And during the hard weather you have but to use your eyes to see how important to the birds as well as beautiful is the holly-tree, which Southey sang in an epoch more appreciative of him than is our own. Then there are the mosses. At this time their fresh and beautiful aspect deserves our attention. Look, too, in your December walk, at the patches—white, yellow, or grey—on the trunks and branches, on old palings, on ancient walls. These are the lichens, and, looked at under the microscope, they display beauties of which few are aware. Glance at the old-world gardens of the cottages on your road. Still there are blossoms to gratify the eye—marigolds, mignonette, anemones, and chrysanthemums, and the pale bloom of the old-fashioned china rose. It is true there is not as yet much in the way of wild flowers: the meadows and lanes for the most part lie bare. But everywhere is, at any rate, that familiar flower of which Chaucer said, five hundred years ago, in words applicable to-day—

Of all the floures in the mede
Than love I most these floures white and reile,
Such that men callen Daisies in our town.

And this humble but universal favourite, flourishing alike in spring and summer, sturdily braves the winter and—

Lights pale October on his way,
And turns December's arms.

Of bird-music there is little; but the robin's soft strains are conspicuous, while the rook's caw and the starling's chatter may still from time to time be heard. And in some localities where streams abound one recognises, even on a very cold day, which would for the time hush most of the feathered choir, the lilt of the water-ouzel, a song which comparatively few have listened to. That active little white-breasted bird, which runs nimbly under shallow water as though on dry land, will sometimes rest on a quiet bend in the river, sometimes wheel round and round in the air above, and then, flying back to the stone or post on which he loves to alight, sing in quaint and lively fashion such as is to the great majority of observers unknown or unfamiliar. And perhaps on a very frosty day, in the more secluded part of the country near the coast, you may hear high above you that wild "hank hank" which always thrills the shooter, and, looking up, you will see in wedge-shaped array the wild geese flying fast and strong to some lonely feeding-ground, where they, in the wariest way, with sentinels set, defy the wildest of gunners.

Nor is the farm life without its sights and sounds to cheer the December walk. Ditches are cleaned, plantations completed, turf collected, manure-heaps prepared, and the sound of the threshing-machine, and in old-world places the ancient flail, echoes through the keen air. In those districts where water-meadows exist their flooding is often carried on in this month; the covering of the grass with water in winter preserving it from ill-effects in the transitions in the state of the atmosphere. Altogether, for those who can appreciate it, there is plenty of interest in rural December days. F. G. W.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

INTERVIEW WITH TIPPOO TIB.

The scene depicted in our large Engraving is the interview between Tippoo Tib and two of the leading members of the Expedition—namely, Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson, both unhappily since dead—to "hurry up" the assistance promised to Mr. Stanley of a number of Manyema carriers for the luggage of the rearguard. It was after the long demoralising delay, which has already been discussed in these columns, that the commander of the camp on the Aruwimi and his comrade Jameson went to Stanley Falls to meet the famous Arab chief. *The Illustrated London News* artist has composed his picture with the assistance of Mr. Herbert Ward's notes and sketches, from which I am enabled to supply such text as is necessary for its proper elucidation.

On the right of the two English officers, sitting on his piece of carpet cross-legged, is Amud ben Mahomed, familiarly known as Tippoo Tib. Mr. Werner, in his interesting volume "A Visit to Stanley's Rear Guard," gives a characteristic sketch of the Arab chief; and Mr. Werner was the engineer in charge of the vessel which took Major Barttelot part of the way on his last journey to the Falls. "After the light complexion of the other Arabs," he says, "I was somewhat surprised to find Mr. Tippoo Tib as black as any negro I had seen; but he had a fine well-shaped head, bald at the top, and a short, black thick beard thickly strewn with white hairs. He was dressed in the usual Arab style, but more simply than the rest of the Arab chiefs, and had a road, well-formed figure. His restless eyes gave him a great resemblance to the negroes' heads with blinking eyes in the electric advertisements of somebody's shoe polish which adorned the walls of our London railway-stations some years ago—and earned him the nickname of 'Nubian blacking.'"

The large portrait from which the accompanying Illustration is drawn gives one a far higher notion of distinction than that conveyed in Mr. Werner's pen-and-ink sketch. The Arab chief has not only a fine head, but a countenance that suggests intellectual power; and it is not by any means without physiognomical indications of a capacity for benevolent impressions and the higher attributes of personal courage. In considering the career of such a man, his training and surroundings have to be taken into consideration. No one is probably a better judge of character than Mr. Stanley, and he had confidence in the word and honour of Tippoo Tib.

The left-hand group of figures in the picture under notice are lower-caste Arabs and Waswahelis. In the centre of the gathering, seated, are Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson. The accessories are true to the scene in every detail, including the picturesque indications of pressure from the inquisitive natives without, who are held in check by the Arab stick. Tippoo Tib's chief officers are being supplied with coffee by an artistically attired slave, who carries a silver pot and small curious cups.

The occasion, as already stated, was a palaver, at the request of Major Barttelot, with a view to obtain some definite understanding as to the providing of the Manyema porters whom Tippoo Tib had promised Stanley he would supply in order that the rearguard might follow him up from the Aruwimi River to Wadelai. How the porters did not come up to time; how the commander of the rearguard was hampered with new conditions as to weight when the men did appear; and how the dreadful business ended in the assassination of Major Barttelot and the breaking up of the camp, has already been narrated in these columns, and the melancholy facts, apart from complete details, are well known. The death of Mr. Jameson soon afterwards, at Ward's Camp, on the Congo, a distressing sequel to the former tragedy, was in sombre tone with the reports of Stanley's death which came filtering through the darkness at about the same time. The cloud which fell upon the Aruwimi camp seemed to spread its dark mantle over the entire expedition. Even Stanley's most optimistic friends began to fear. Certain of the leading journals took a very gloomy view of some of the more circumstantial reports which accounted for Stanley's defeat by hostile natives and his tragic and fatal stand against his foes. It will be strange reading for the traveller when he gets the records of these apocryphal incidents in the newspapers now awaiting him at Zanzibar. At last, when the most sinister of the rumours were contradicted, and it was well established that Stanley was alive after several of the dates given in circumstantial accounts of his death, on the faith of this mysterious messenger or the other, the public became as full of faith in his good fortune as were, throughout all sorts of pessimistic rumours, Sir Francis De Winton and his colleagues of the Relief Committee; so that when the truth really came, reporting Emin Pasha and a white officer as prisoners, and Stanley on his way to fight the Sudan Governor's foes, the world shook its wise head, and the cleverest journalistic critics set about proving how impossible all this was. Yet none of them could resist the romantic rumour that a white Pasha and an army was marching on Khartoum—the white Pasha, Stanley of course—not marching on Khartoum, judicious critics suggested, but in the last stages of his glorious march of relief for Wadelai. How mixed and uncertain the whole business has been from an outside point of view it is not necessary to dwell upon; but the first great surprise was the news of Stanley's visit to Emin, and retracing his steps for supplies, only to come upon traces of the broken power he had left behind him. The double journey to and from Emin is one of those wonderful examples of patience, pluck, and individual force which make the name and work of Stanley unique in the history of exploration and campaigning.

The assassination of Major Barttelot soon after the palaver, which I have simply glanced at by way of text to the accompanying Illustration, is an incident of the history of the rearguard which has created a profound impression, and which will no doubt be fully investigated by Mr. Stanley. It is quite certain that Barttelot had a serious presentiment of his fate—more than a presentiment, indeed, as is only too well known: he was threatened, and warned; and, although his murderer was captured and afterwards executed, there remains the charge which Mr. Werner has published against Tippoo Tib to be dealt with. Not, perhaps, that any good can come of further investigation; but it is a matter that Mr. Stanley will, of course, have to look into. After Werner had said "Good-bye" to Barttelot and was well on his way, "the Belgian officer in charge of the A.I.A. told him that Tippoo Tib had told the Manyemas that if the Major did not treat them well they were to shoot him. This was such an astonishing statement that I could hardly believe it; but it was confirmed by one of my men (a Zanzibari) and also by several of Tippoo Tib's own men, then on board, and some days later by Salim bin Soudi, the interpreter."

JOSEPH HATTON.

Mr. F. A. Bosanquet, Q.C., of the Oxford Circuit, and Mr. F. H. Colt, of the Equity Bar, have been elected Benchers of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, in succession to the late Sir George Rickards and the late Sir John Maule.



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How Doctors' Commons survived so long it is difficult to say. Charles Dickens, in "David Copperfield," among his vivid and amusing descriptions of the ways of the place, the business transacted there, and of the proctors, submits that the Prerogative Office was rather a queerly managed institution—"that perhaps it was a little nonsensical that the registry of that Court, containing the original wills of all persons leaving effects within the immense province of Canterbury for three whole centuries, should be an accidental building, never designed for the purpose, leased by the Registrars for their own private emolument, unsafe, not even ascertained to be fire-proof, choked with the important documents it held, and positively, from the roof to the basement, a mercenary speculation of the Registrars, who took great fees from the public, and crammed the public's wills away anyhow and anywhere, having no other object than to get rid of them cheaply." An office, we may add, where it was the recognised practice, if you wanted your business done quickly, to pay an expedition fee; and we are afraid the business of those practitioners who did not pay this fee was put on one side in favour of the business of those who did.

On Jan. 11, 1858, the Act came into operation which transferred the jurisdiction in all matters testamentary from the Ecclesiastical Courts to her Majesty's Court of Probate, since merged in one of the divisions of the High Court of Justice. The registry of the new court continued to be in Great Knight-riders-street for some years, but in October 1874 it was transferred to Somerset House, and all the old records from 1383 and the original wills from 1484 were removed to the same place. An important change in the practice was made on Jan. 11, 1858, which, if noted, will be a guide to searchers. Previously to that date wills had to be proved in the court of the place where the property was; and in the case of property, or, as it was termed, *bona notabilia*, in divers dioceses or jurisdictions, in the Prerogative Court of the province. Since that date the will must be proved in the registry of the district where the deceased had a fixed place of abode, and the probate of the will has effect over the personal estate of the deceased in all parts of England. The will, however, can be proved, or the Letters of Administration taken out, in all cases at the Principal Registry, Somerset House; and lists of the grants made, with certified copies of the wills, are sent up once a month from each of the forty district registries to the Principal Registry, where they can be seen.

If you enter Somerset House through one of the arches in the Strand, and go straight across the courtyard to the other side, under the cupola in what was formerly the Navy Office, you will find the Will Office. Frequently you may find two or three persons looking up intently at a place just above and to the left, as you face it, of the central entrance; and you may be tolerably certain they are looking for the watch. There is an old tale current that at the building of Somerset House, which was commenced in 1776, from the designs and under the superintendence of Sir William Chambers, a workman fell from the upper part of the scaffolding, and, in falling, the bunch of seals at the end of his watch-chain caught in some part of the scaffolding, and so saved his life; and that the watch was fixed on the building close to the spot where the

accident happened, to commemorate the fortunate escape. But the story, though old, is not true. There was a watch-face fixed in the position mentioned; it was, however, placed there by some of the gentlemen connected with the Royal Society, which, in 1780, had assigned to it the apartments in the west side of the Strand entrance, now occupied by one of the departments of the General Register Office, where it could be sighted from their rooms, for the purpose of making scientific observations as to the distance it could be seen and the aid to be obtained from various glasses. It was taken away when the scientific gentlemen left the premises.

We stop to read the notice exhibited at one side of the entrance, that the officials in their several departments will give all necessary information for the guidance of the public, and in case of any assistance being required in searching for and reading wills it will be provided on application to the Record Keeper; and we can personally vouch for the generous rendering of the notice, and the courteous attention of Mr. Foster, who, as Record Keeper, is the chief official in the public office. Passing through two pairs of swing doors you enter into the Public Hall, and see at once arranged on the shelves at the side and under the desks the calendars containing the lists of the names of the testators whose wills have been proved, and also the names of those persons, dead intestate, of whose personal estate Letters of Administration have been granted. There are also mighty volumes made of parchment and bound in leather, with strong brass clasps, containing the registered copies of wills. It was in respect of these big books that the country visitor inquired of the attendant whether they were Bibles, connecting them in her mind with the big Bible in the pulpit of her old parish church. The attendant promptly replied, "No, Ma'am, they're the testaments." Only a few of the most recent of these books are in the public hall: the others are kept on a lower floor, whence they are brought up when required to be seen. The volume is placed before you on one of the strong desks, the attendant finds the will you have previously searched for, and you stand there and read it. All the original wills are kept in the strong room, which is also on a lower floor. You do not read these in the public hall, but go a little way down the



AN ANXIOUS SEARCH.

passage, on the left, to a room called the Reading-room. The will you have bespoken is brought to you, and you sit down to a long table comfortably to read it, but always in view of one or two Argus-eyed officials, who watch carefully that you do not damage the document or take surreptitious extracts beyond the permitted notes.

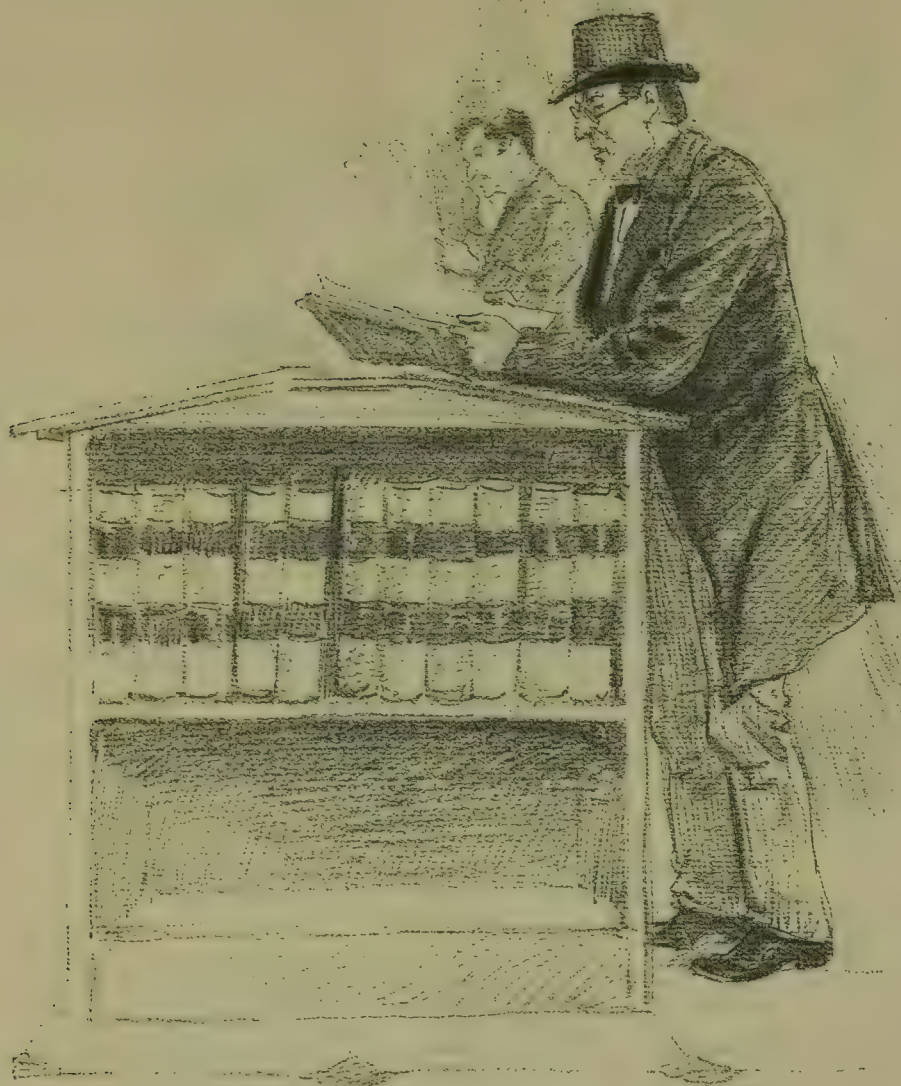
There are many persons who believe that if they had their rights they would be possessed of considerable property, and that their ancestors, more or less remote, have been unjustly



A CONSTANT VISITOR.



WAITING FOR A WILL.



BETWIXT HOPE AND FEAR.

kept out of great estates or large sums in Chancery. This belief is the cause of a constant flow of visitors to the Will Office, who delight in reading the will, perhaps one hundred or one hundred and fifty years old, wherein something has been left to one of their forefathers, or at least to someone of the same name, and, sublimely oblivious of statutes of limitation, thereon build castles in the air. Undoubtedly if the money is in the Court of Chancery, and, notwithstanding the length of time it may have been there, a person can show a good title to it, he will be able to get it; but the adventurers in search of property begin at the wrong end—they ignore the Baconian system of philosophy, and, starting with the family tradition that there was once considerable property in the family, look up a lot of old wills, and waste their time and money on a speculative possibility of discovering something they can lay claim to. The professional finders out of heirs to unclaimed property begin at the other end: they start with the property, or fund in the Court of Chancery or elsewhere, wanting an owner, and work back until they find the person whose claim to it can be supported; then they go to him and make a bargain that, if they

succeed in putting him into possession, they shall receive a proportion—in some cases as much as one half—of the money or estate retrieved from the Court or wrongful possessor.

Because a person has been advertised for, perhaps, one hundred years ago or more, with the significant addition that if he will apply as directed he will hear of something greatly to his advantage, it does not follow that if his representatives now apply they will find there is something to claim. The advertisement may have been issued in respect of some small dividend under a bankrupt's estate, or on the winding-up of some company, or even to find some person who was a witness to a will or other document, for the purpose of obtaining his evidence; the man himself may have come forward at the time and received his money or given his testimony; but the advertisement still remains in the old newspaper, or in the published books of the collectors of these things, who have no knowledge that the object of its being inserted has long since been satisfied. The unhappy fortune-seeker buys the book and finds the name only; he then has to buy a copy of the advertisement, then to expend his money and time in making various searches to prove his descent from the person advertised for, and then to trace the people who inserted the advertisement; and after all he may find that the whole matter was settled years ago. In some cases years have been spent and small fortunes wasted in these searches.

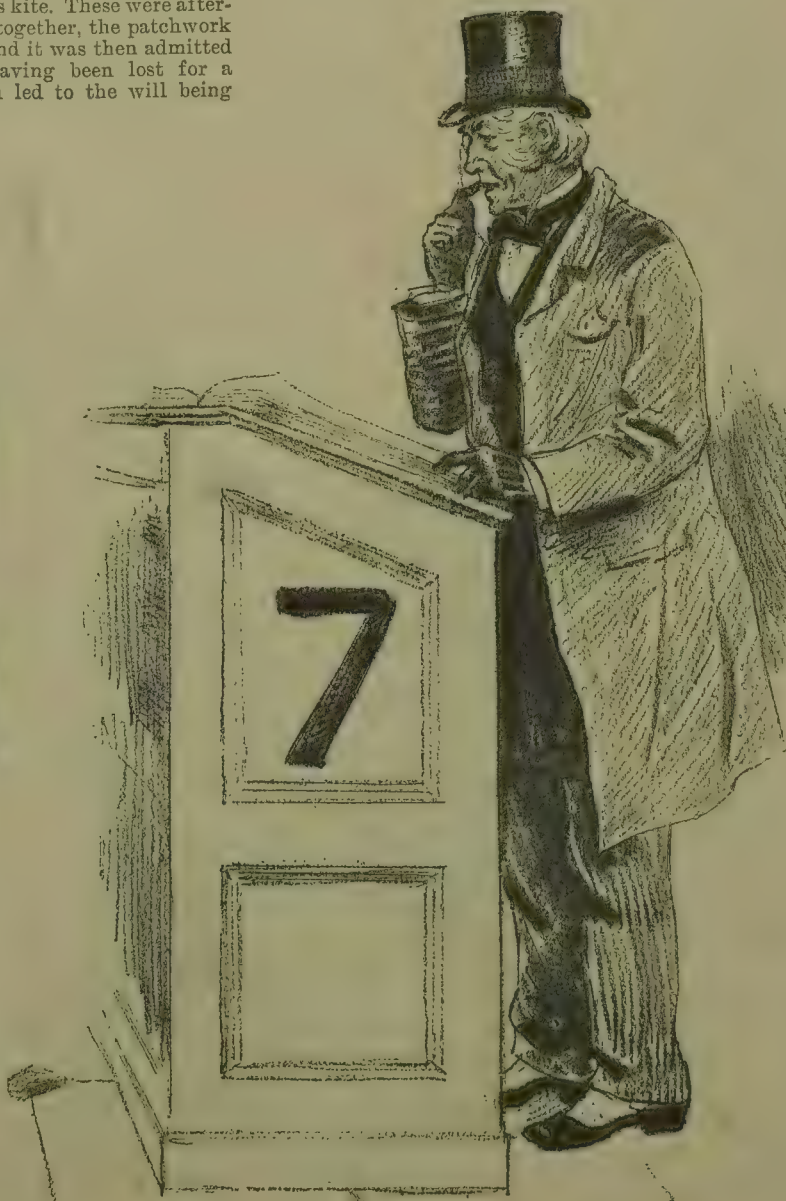
Wills sometimes pass through strange vicissitudes before being admitted to probate, and testators are often themselves to blame for it. They either hide them away so carefully in such secret repositories that at their deaths they cannot be found, or leave them about so carelessly that they get converted to other purposes, or gathered up with the wastepaper and rubbish. The great Lord St. Leonards, who had for several years thoughtfully considered how he should dispose of his property, had left a will, that was certain, but it could not be found at his death; it had been kept locked up in a box, but when the box was opened the will was not there. The Court, being satisfied by the evidence of Miss Sugden of the contents from her recollection, granted probate of the will as contained in her evidence. In one case, a boy seeing his father's will lying about, and finding it was written on good strong paper, cut it into strips and made it into a tail for his kite. These were afterwards carefully collected and pieced together, the patchwork state of the will was fully explained, and it was then admitted to probate. In another case, after having been lost for a long time, a visit from the dustman led to the will being



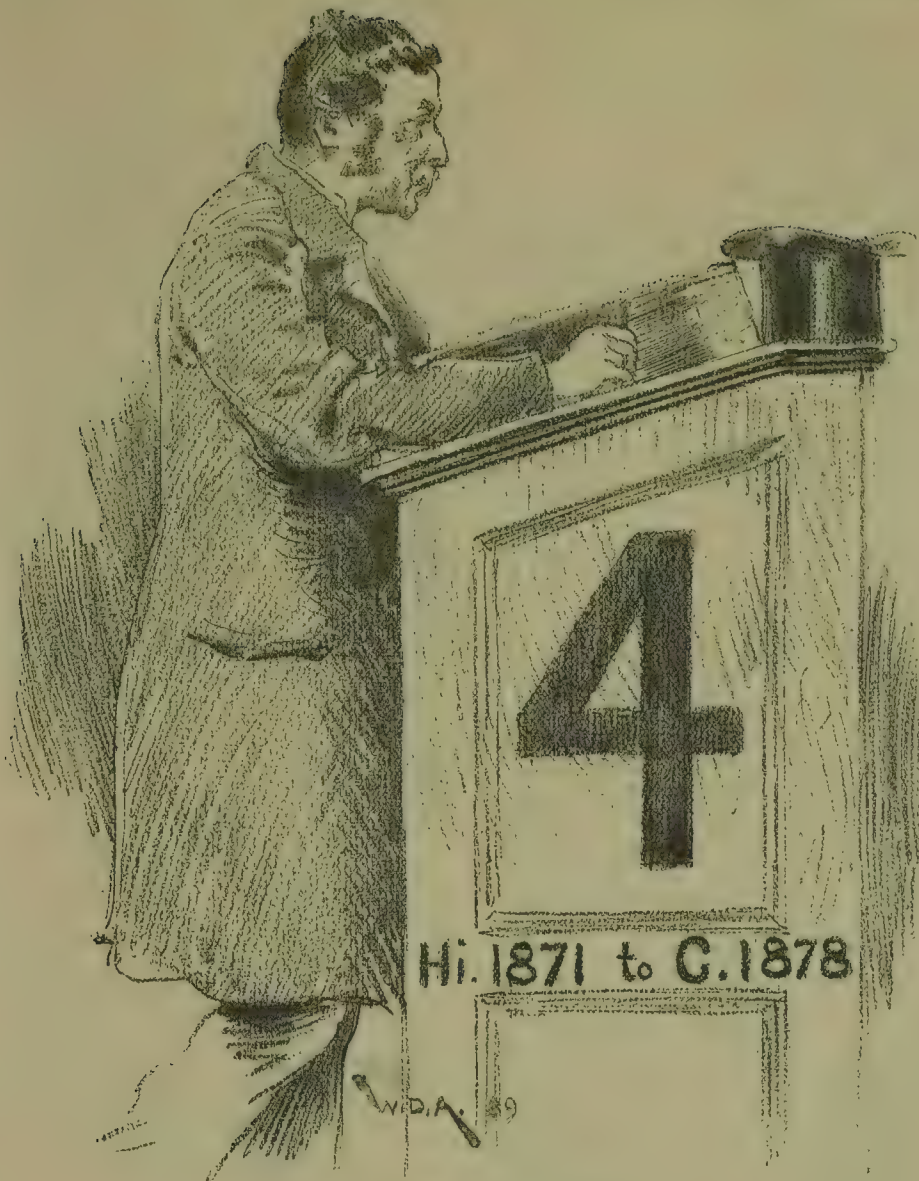
DISAPPOINTED.



A DILIGENT SEARCHER.



PUZZLED.



A PROFESSIONAL SEARCHER.

found at the bottom of the dusthole. One case that we know of was not the fault of the testator; the executor, at a public dinner, handed the will to his proctor to prove; but the will could not afterwards be found. The proctor was sure he gave it to his clerk, who was just as sure he never received it; the safes were searched, the bundles of papers were undone and shaken out, and all the drawers were turned out, but the will was not forthcoming. The legatees began to clamour for their money, when, luckily, the proctor went to another dinner, and on putting his hand into his dress-coat pocket pulled out the missing will.

Thackeray, in his book "The Adventures of Philip on his

testator, there is a great sameness about them, and anyone habitually reading them can say with tolerable certainty out of what book of precedents the various trusts and powers have been copied by the solicitors. The inordinate length of some wills is generally caused by a prolix settlement of landed estate. First the testator settles it upon his eldest son and his children, one after the other; then upon his second son and his children; then upon his third son; after exhausting his sons, he settles the estate upon his daughters one by one in like manner. Failing all his children and their descendants, he begins with his brother No. 1 and his children, then goes to his brother No. 2, and so on upon all his brothers; then upon all

Way through the World," makes Lord Ringwood, who is displeased with Philip, obtain his will from his solicitor for the purpose of revoking it. This will contained a large legacy to Philip. After Lord Ringwood's death it could not be found, and the presumption was that he had destroyed it. A long time after, the old lord's chariot, which had been unused since his death, was brought into requisition on the occasion of an election. In the presence of Philip it opportunely broke down, and the will tumbled out on the road. So, as the will was not revoked, Philip got his fortune, and lived happy ever afterwards. To show that this incident, although in a work of fiction, is not an unlikely occurrence, we have the genuine case of the lost will of Sir Daniel Dalrymple. Lord Hailes, one of the Scottish Lords of Session, who died in 1792. After his death his will could not be found, and the heir-at-law was about to take possession of his estates to the exclusion of his daughter, when Miss Dalrymple, who was preparing to retire from New Hailes and from the mansion house in New-street, sent a servant to lock up the house in New-street, and in closing the window-shutters there dropped out, from behind a panel, upon the floor, Lord Hailes's will, which was found to secure his daughter in the possession of his estates.

Except when wills are the personal work of the



AN OLD CUSTOMER.

his sisters, beginning with the eldest. Failing all these, he then settles the estate upon all his cousins and other kindred in succession; and winds up generally with a statement that, failing all the foregoing, the estate is to go to his own right heirs. When to all this are added clauses saying how much per annum the holder of the estate for the time being may give to his wife, how much he may give to his younger children, and powers of sale and exchange, it can easily be seen what scope there is for the skilful lawyer to produce a voluminous will.

The extraordinary length of other wills is caused by the inconstancy of the testators. They first make a will, then a codicil giving further legacies; then another codicil revoking some and altering the amount of others; then another to revive some of the legacies which have been revoked; and they keep on adding codicil after codicil. Every little change of feeling towards their relatives, whether of pleasure or of



SATISFIED.



LADIES FROM THE COUNTRY.



SKETCHES AT THE WILL OFFICE: A PEDIGREE-HUNTER.

irritation, brings forth another codicil. Two very long wills may be mentioned: one, proved in 1856, of Mr. Thomas Cubitt of Denbies, with four codicils, which together contained nearly thirty-five thousand words, and the probate copy of which, we believe, covered thirty skins of parchment; the other, of Dame Louisa Anne Frankland-Russell, proved in 1871, which, without any codicil, contained over fifty-two thousand words. The will of Richard Glover, of St. James's-street, proved in 1822, was not remarkably long, but it had one hundred and two codicils, and sixty-four of them were made in 1822, from January to August. This will and all the codicils were in the testator's own handwriting; he used sometimes to make two or three codicils a day. Being long before the Wills Act, no witness was required. He had only to write, "This is a codicil to my will, I give to A. B. my gold watch," and sign and date it, and the document was complete. Of course before obtaining probate evidence had to be given of his handwriting. After these prodigious testamentary dispositions, how refreshing to meet with one which simply and effectively said, "all to wife!"

There is as great a difference sometimes between the values of the personal estates of testators as there is between the lengths of their wills, although it is not always the richest persons who make the longest wills. The names of many millionaire testators might be given, but the case of Oliver Arnold Rose is unique. His will, with a codicil, was proved in 1883, and the value of his personal estate was sworn to be one shilling and sevenpence.

However careful a testator may be to keep his testamentary intentions a close secret, as soon as he is dead and his will proved, whether he be of high or low degree, any person, whether or not related or interested, can see it by paying a shilling. As an Englishman can practically dispose of his property as he thinks fit, the moral restraint which publicity places upon him keeps him, to some extent, from exercising his power unwisely. This publicity lets a good deal of light into the profits derivable from various businesses, and, if the values of the personal estates were carefully tabulated with regard to the callings of the testators, they might be a useful guide to parents in the placing out in the world of their sons. Manufacturers would certainly come out high in the list of profitable businesses.

The contents of wills frequently cause disappointment not only to the testator's family but also to the public. In many cases that might be named there were great expectations of large bequests to charitable or religious institutions, founded on the fact that the testators had during their lives given freely for these purposes, but their testamentary dispositions were confined strictly to their families. In other cases it is astonishing how strong some lifelong misers have come out in the charitable legacy line, not altogether to the satisfaction of their sorrowing relatives. Intense charitable feelings have been cherished in their breasts for years: they at last give them full play in their wills, and their charitable intentions will take effect directly they are past feeling the pain of parting with a penny, and not before.

Searches at the Will Office are not all made by fortune-seekers: a large number are made by pedigree-hunters. You may see persons day after day, and week after week, poring over musty books, to prove that one of their ancestors two or three centuries ago was lord of the manor of some place, and that they are entitled to bear a coat-of-arms. It is surprising to find that many of these searches are made by or on behalf of Americans.

Our Artist has, in his various Sketches, cleverly depicted the types of character to be met with daily at the Will Office.



QUITE AT HOME.

There are the ladies "From the Country," dressed in the style fashionable a quarter of a century ago, telling the attendant they want to know whether their uncle has left them any money. His answer does not seem relevant—"Go to the first door on the left and get a shilling ticket." There is the "Puzzled" gentleman at No. 7 desk, who finds that the wills of five or six persons of the same name have been proved in the same month, and several more of persons whose names are spelt nearly the same. He is not sure whether the name he wants is Hayward, or Haywood, or Heywood. "A Diligent Searcher" doesn't know within ten years or so when his particular testator died, and carefully searches for ten years before and ten years after the presumed time of death. "A Professional Searcher" is careful before he attends to obtain precise information as to the spelling of the name, the place of residence, and the date of death; and, knowing exactly what he wants, is able to make his searches in a business-like manner. "Disappointed" tells its own tale. A rich aunt, from whom he had great expectations, has died: he had hoped she would, before her death, have forgiven him his early indiscretions; but the residue is left to "all my nephews and nieces, except Frederick." "An Enthusiast" has taken her search-ticket to the clerk, and, following his directions, is now looking for the calendar she wishes to search. "A Constant Visitor" has almost acquired a prescriptive right to a seat on the ledge of the window looking out over the terrace and the Embankment on to the Thames. The "Old Customers" know their way about the Office, and where to look for the book they want; some know exactly what they want, but others quite mystify you when you inquire with the view of helping them. If some philanthropic gentleman with plenty of money, or, say, the Government, were to compile a list of legatees, with the amounts of the legacies and a reference to the wills by which they are bequeathed, and keep it up to date, how it would simplify matters, and enable searchers to see almost at a glance whether anything has been left to them!

The Will Office has a department for literary inquiry, to which admission may be obtained by making a written application, addressed to the President of the Court, at the principal registry, stating the object of research. This confers the privilege of being allowed without fee to search the calendars, and to read the registered copies of wills proved, up to a period not less than one hundred years prior to the search being made; and also to make extracts in pencil from such calendars and

wills. There is also a department for personal applications, where persons can prove wills, or, in the case of an intestacy, take out Letters of Administration, without professional assistance; and we are glad to know that this department is much appreciated and made use of by the public. Previously to Jan. 11, 1858, this business could not be done without employing a proctor.

CHARLES G. CUTLER.

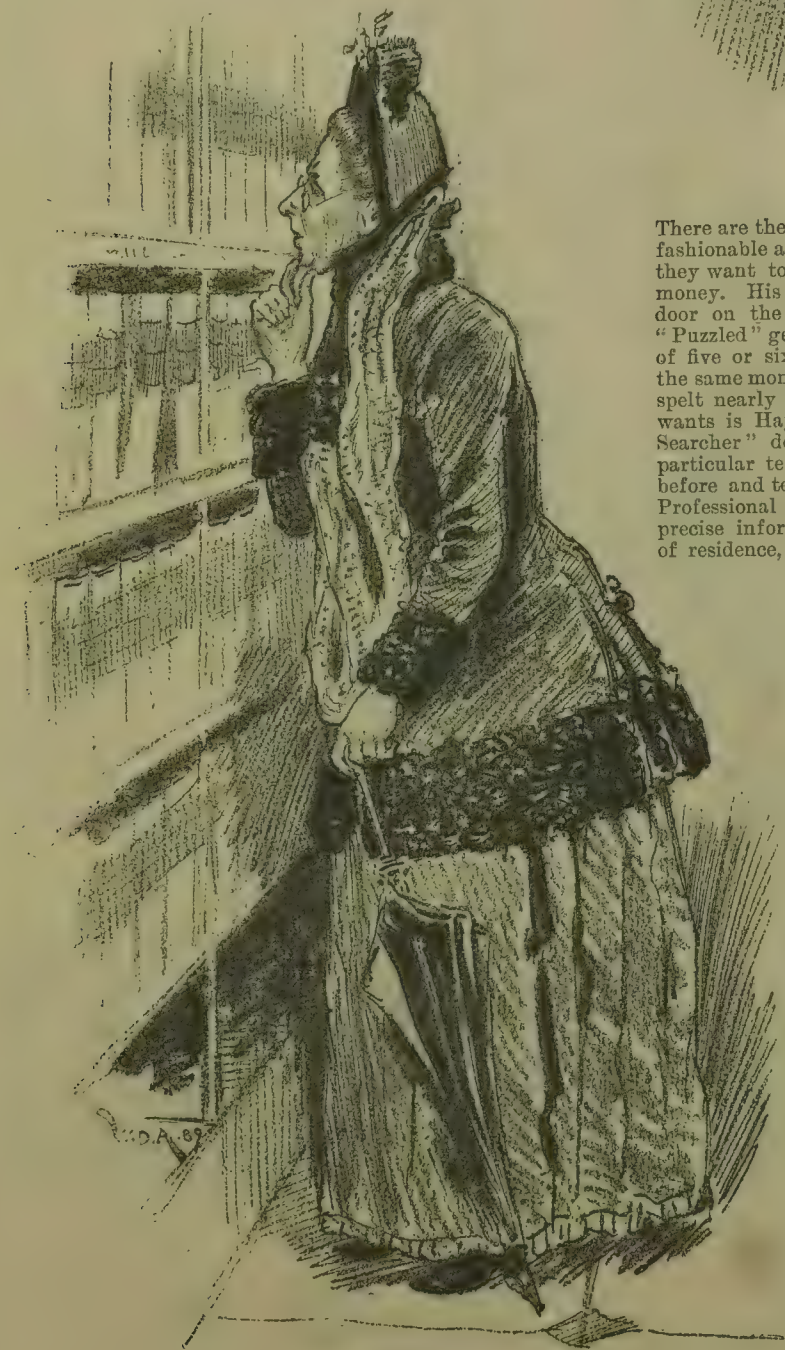
THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Some of the pictures in this exhibition have already been discussed; but there are others of which we were forced to defer a notice. Miss Cridland's "Hero Worship" is a somewhat more severe satire upon the trusting dog than upon the drunken sot. It is a variation on the "motive" of Bill Sikes and his faithful bulldog, both dealing with the pathetic side of brutality. Mr. W. J. Morgan is a humourist of a lighter mood, and recalls a not unfamiliar scene of domestic terror which has on more than one occasion inspired painters, English and foreign. Mr. G. G. Kilburne's "There She Goes!" is full of promise and merit, showing that he has fully profited by the teaching of his father, to whose work at the Royal Institute we have frequently called attention. Of Mr. L. C. Henley's careful and elegant work it is unnecessary to say more than that the example he sets of thoroughness in both drawing and painting is one which the younger members of the society would do well to imitate. Mr. F. E. Gröne and Mr. A. W. Strutt are among the promising "outsiders" to whom we look to make greater mark in their profession than they have yet had the chance of doing. They have a vein of fancy and good taste upon which to draw. Mr. Stuart Lloyd has already identified himself with Devonshire scenery, and is as happy in catching its rich tones as Mr. Harding Smith is in seizing the prominent features of a spot which has equal attractions for the student of history and the lover of romance.

NEW BOOKS.

Russia in Central Asia in 1889, and the Anglo-Russian Question. By the Hon. George N. Curzon, M.P. (Longmans.)—An excursion party started in the autumn of 1888 from Paris, to visit Bokhara and Samarkand, by the new Transcaspian Railway. It turned out that there was some uncertainty about the whole affair, owing to the *autorisation spéciale* from the Russian Government not having been granted. From Mr. Curzon's narrative we learn that the excursionists reached Tiflis before the permission to cross the Caspian was received. For his own part, aware of the difficulty, instead of starting from Paris with this party, he went direct to St. Petersburg, where he was assured that they would not be allowed to proceed; but, at the last moment, a change took place, and the authorisation was granted. This volume gives details of the Transcaspian Railway in its working condition up to the latest date, and shows plainly how far its capabilities would assist, in case of war with England, if an attack on Afghanistan and India were to be made by Russia. We have a description of Merv and its progress as a new city under the Russian rule. Those who have read the accounts, by Burnes and other travellers, of journeys across the desert, between Sarrahs and Tcharjui on the Oxus, with its wretched bleak mounds of sand and its perils from Turkoman robbers, will be interested in the wonderful transformation that has taken place within about six years. Mr. Curzon describes the great bridge over the Oxus, by which the railway passes that historical river. It is 2000 yards in length, but is constructed of wood, and is considered a temporary structure. It would perhaps be rash to say that this is the first bridge over the Oxus; for it is supposed that one existed in former times not far from Kilif, and some travellers have reported that they saw what might be the remains of piers at the spot. Bokhara, Samarkand, and Tashkend have all been described before, but each traveller adds something to our knowledge; and in describing the architectural remains the author is able to compare them with Mohammedan architecture of India of the same date. Some readers may regret that he is not more of an archaeologist, so that we might have had more details, particularly of Samarkand, the city of Timur; but he makes up for this by statistics and details which will, no doubt, be useful to politicians. One of the most striking descriptions in the book is that of Geok, or Denghil Tepe, as it ought to be called, and Skobelev's operations in the taking of that fortress. The latter chapters of the book deal with the changed position of things in Central Asia, resulting from the Russian advance, and the construction of the railway. The author treats of its military and commercial aspects, and the probable issue of events in the future. In all this there is a great deal of common-sense expressed. Mr. Curzon does not think that Russia intends any attack upon India at present, but that events are looked forward to, and that if any quarrel should take place we may expect an invasion of Afghanistan, to further Russia's objects on the Bosphorus. He dwells also upon the value of Khorassan for Russian strategical purposes, and on the helplessness of Persia, as a military force, to resist any aggression upon its frontiers.

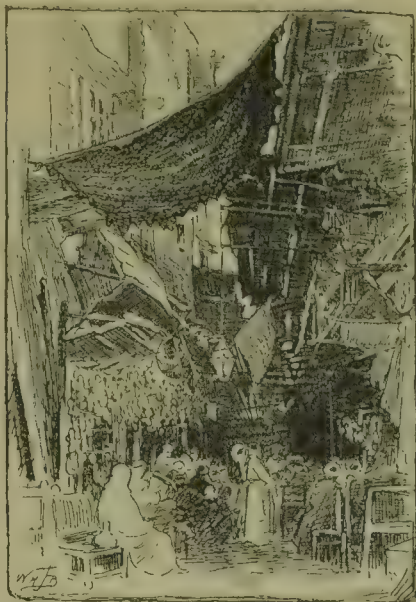
A Manual of Oriental Antiquities. Translated from the French of Ernest Babelon, by B. T. A. Evans, M.A. (H. Grevel and Co.)—The English translator and editor of this work is connected with the department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum. It is a volume of the useful series in which the treatise on "Mythology as seen in Greek Art," by Maxime Collignon, and that on "Egyptian Archaeology," by G. Maspero, have already been published; they are compact, handy for reference, and not too expensive—which are not usually the characteristics of works on art and archaeology. This book is adorned with 241 illustrations, most of them very beautifully done: they are small, and details are not so clearly brought out as in larger works; still, it is a very capital collection of pictorial representations of the antiquities of Chaldea, Assyria, ancient Persia, Syria, Judea, and Phœnicia. Objects from some of the latest discoveries will be found among these illustrations. If we take Mesopotamia as an example, much has been done in that country since Layard made his excavations. Mr. Rassam has brought home the bronzes which were on the Gates of Balawat; M. De Sarzec has explored the ancient Tello, and found what are considered to be perhaps the oldest specimens of Chaldean sculpture; and M. Dieulafoy has enriched the museum of the Louvre by his excavations at Susa. Subjects from all these explorations appear in this volume. Even the Hittites are not overlooked, and sufficient illustrations are given by which their art may be judged. M. Babelon considers that Hittite art is not the early germ from which Assyrian art sprang, but that the Hittite artist copied the Assyrian forms, and that, being rude, it is Assyrian art in a barbarous condition. A very marked error may be pointed out, which is evidently an overlook in such a well-got-up volume. At page 213, "Robinson's Arch," in the Haram wall at Jerusalem, appears under the title of "The Jews' Wailing Place." M. De Vogüé, who is given as the authority for this, knows the old Temple walls too well to have made such a mistake.



AN ENTHUSIAST.



"THERE ARE BRIARS BE-ETTING EVERY PATH."—F. E. GRÖNE.



SKETCH IN THE BAZAAR, CAIRO. W. H. J. BOOT.



THE STREAM IN THE BEECHWOOD. JOHN PEDDER.



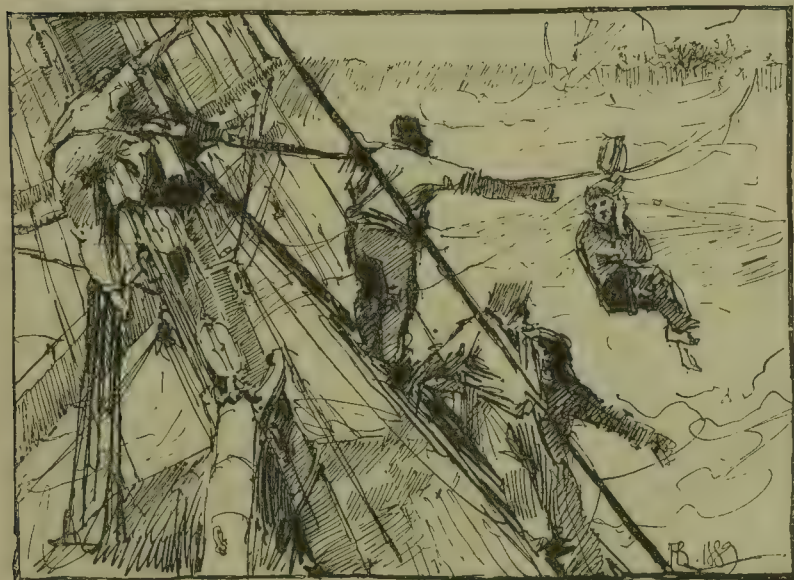
THE CHATELAINE.—L. C. HENLEY.



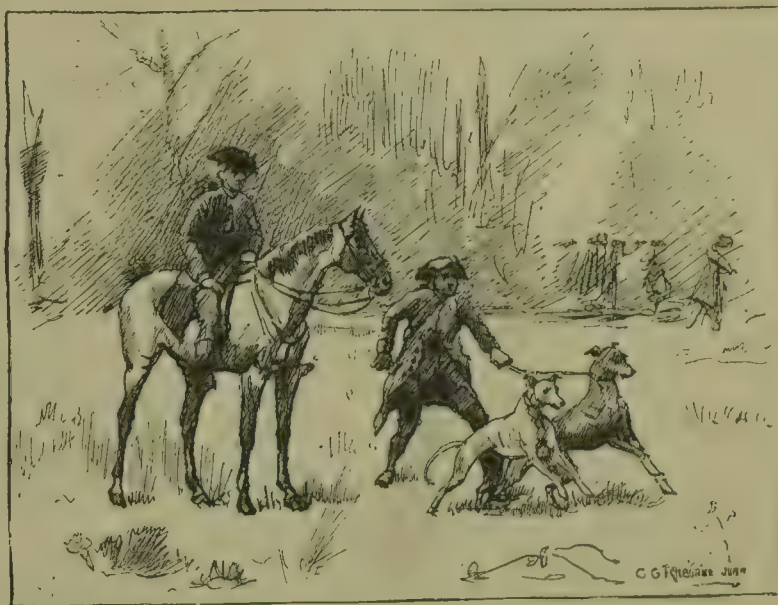
B.C.—G. F. WATTS, R.A.



"A MOUSE! A MOUSE!" W. J. MORGAN.



ASHORE!—F. BRANGWYN.



"THERE SHE GOES!"—G. G. KILBURN, JUN.



THE QUAY AT DITTISHAM.—STUART LLOYD.



"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."—A. W. STRUTT.



APPLEDORE, DEVON.—STUART LLOYD.



THE GATEHOUSE, KENILWORTH.—W. HARDING SMITH.



HERO WORSHIP.—HELEN CRIDLAND.

SKETCHES FROM
THE WINTER EXHIBITION
OF THE ROYAL
SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1886), with two codicils (dated June 16, 1887, and June 11, 1888), of Sir Daniel Gooch, Bart., late of Clewer Park, near Windsor, and of Fulthorpe House, Pad-dington, who died on Oct. 15 last, was proved on Nov. 26 by Sir Henry Daniel Gooch, Bart., the son, and Thomas Mark Merri-man, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £653,000. The testator bequeaths an immediate legacy of £2000 and all his horses and carriages to his wife, Emily Lady Gooch; he also leaves her his leasehold premises, Fulthorpe House, as a personal residence, with all the furniture, books, pictures, wines, sculpture, articles of virtu, musical instruments, and household effects, and £3000 per annum for life or widowhood; £25,000 to his son Charles Fulthorpe; £25,000, upon trust, for the widow and children of his late son Alfred William; £25,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Anna Longridge Newton and Emily Ponsford, and their respective issue; £25,000, upon trust, for his son Frank, his wife, and children; and £500 each to his brother William Frederick and his son Henry Daniel. Certain articles, presentation plate, and pictures are made heirlooms to go with the settled estate. All his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold properties are settled on his eldest son, Henry Daniel, the pre-sent Baronet, and the residue of the personal estate is to be laid out in the purchase of freehold estate to be settled therewith.

The will and codicil (both dated May 8, 1879) of Dame Jane Margaret Vaughan Williams, widow of the late Right Hon. Sir Edward Vaughan Williams, one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, late of No. 24, Queen Anne's-gate, who died on Sept. 24 last, were proved on Nov. 25 by Herbert William Fisher, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000. The testatrix gives a sum of railway stock and a freehold farm at Bradley, Staf-fordshire, to her sons Edward Fraser and Walter Vere; her interest in the copyright of her late husband's books to her sons Roland and Walter Vere; and her furniture and effects to her said three sons. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one fourth each to her sons Edward Fraser and Walter Vere; one fourth, upon trust, for the widow and children of her late son Arthur; and one fourth, upon trust, for her son Roland, his wife, and children.

The will (dated Dec. 28, 1883) of Lord Adelbert Percy Cecil, late of Stamford, Lincolnshire, who died on June 12 at Nanpore, Ontario, Canada, was proved on Nov. 26 by Thomas Hinde Thompson and James Allen, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £500 to the China Inland Mission; £9000 to Christopher MacAdam, Dennis Lambert Higgins, and James Dunlop, to distribute among such poor Christians and such poor servants of the Lord Jesus Christ resident in the British Isles, France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Russia, Syria, Canada, and the United States as they in their uncon-trolled discretion shall think fit; and a few other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to the said James Dunlop.

The will (dated Sept. 12, 1888) of Sir Ronald Ferguson Thomson, G.C.M.G., C.I.E., formerly her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Persia, late of The Hall, Dulwich, who died on Nov. 15, 1888, was proved on Nov. 27 by Mrs. Frances Josephine Dickson, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,500. The testator gives £100 to his goddaughter, Mary Abbott, and the residue of his property to Mrs. Dickson.

The will (dated July 21, 1885), with a codicil (dated May 18, 1887), of Colonel Joseph Walker Ouseley, formerly of H.M. Indian Army, late of No. 10, Inverness-terrace, Kensington-gardens, who died on Oct. 29 last, was proved on Nov. 23 by Henry Waterfield, C.B., and Miss Louisa Alice Ouseley, the daughter, two of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £149,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to sons, grand-children, nephews, and executors. All his real estate and the residue of the personal estate he gives to his daughters, Mary Jane and Louisa Alice, absolutely, as tenants in common.

The will (dated Aug. 6, 1886), with two codicils (dated Feb. 9, 1888, and Sept. 29, 1889), of Mrs. Anna Eliza Perceval, late of No. 21, Lowndes-street, who died on Oct. 2, at No. 53, Regency-square, Brighton, was proved on Nov. 18 by Spencer Perceval, the son, Reginald Macleod, the great-nephew, John Matheson Macdonald, and Miss Anna Jane Perceval, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £84,000. The testatrix appoints various moneys and properties included in the trusts of her marriage settlement to her several children. There are some specific bequests to children, including the papers and writings of his grandfather the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, to her son, Spencer; and £105 each to her executors Mr. Mac-leod and Mr. Macdonald. Her leasehold house in Lowndes-street she leaves to her daughters Anna Jane and Helen Margaret, and on the death or marriage of both of them, whichever shall first happen, to her said son, Spencer. The residue of her personal estate she leaves, upon trust, to pay annuities to her daughters Anna Jane, Margaret Helen, Mrs. Maria Anne Stevens, and Mrs. Jane Marsh, and to her son, Norman Spencer Perceval. On the death of Mrs. Marsh, £5000 is to be held, upon trust, for her (testatrix's) granddaughter Margaret Marsh. The re-mainder of the income of her residuary estate is to be paid to her daughters Anna Jane and Helen Margaret until the death or marriage of both of them, whichever shall first happen; and the ultimate residue is to be divided between her son, Norman, her greatnephews Norman Macleod jun. and Reginald Macleod, and her grandson Torquhil Matheson, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1889) of Samuel Osborne Habershon, M.D., F.R.C.P., late of No. 70, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, who died on Oct. 22 last, was proved on Nov. 19 by Samuel Herbert Habershon, M.D., the son, and John Robert Davies, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £40,000. The testator bequeaths his medical works, pamphlets, manuscripts, instruments, the copyright of his written and published works, and the plate presented to him on his leaving Guy's Hospital, to his said son; the remainder of his plate and all his furniture and household effects to his wife, Mrs. Grace Habershon; and annuities of £100 to each of his daughters, Ellen Mary and Ada Ruth, during the life of his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life. At her death he gives £500 to each of his four children, and the ultimate residue is to be held, upon trust, for all his children, in equal shares; but the sums advanced to two of his children are to be brought into account in the division.

The will (dated Sept. 26, 1883) of Mrs. Barbara Mary Nicol, late of Longton-grove, Sydenham, who died on Oct. 5, at Brighton, was proved on Nov. 20 by the Rev. Thomas Alex-ander Ashburnham Chirol, the greatnephew, and Charles Bull, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testatrix bequeaths a legacy and an annuity

to her sister Eliza Roster, and legacies to her executors. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her sister Harriet Ashburnham, for life, then for her said sister's daughter, Harriet Alicia Chirol, for life, and then as to one moiety for her said greatnephew, the Rev. T. A. A. Chirol, and as to the other moiety for her greatnephew Mary Valentine Ignatius Chirol.

The will and codicil of Mr. John George Rodney Ward, J.P., late of Yatton Court, Kingsland, Herefordshire, who died on Sept. 28 last, were proved on Nov. 26 by Thomas Bryan Ward, the son, and Miss Agnes Ethel Ward, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £7600.

The will and codicil of Mr. Bernard Hale, D.L., J.P., formerly of Holly Hill, and late of Forest House, Hartfield, Sussex, who died on Oct. 8, were proved on Nov. 13 by George Carleton Hale, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £4000.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W HARVEY (Constantinople).—In two-movers the key move is quite sufficient. In other problems it is as well to give main variations.

E H (Liverpool).—Your suggestion is not a bad one, but such problems very rarely come before us. The presence of the extra Bishop is justified on the ground you mention.

G THOMPSON (Oldham).—Any book containing the laws of the game will show you how the position is legal, but perhaps "The Chess Problem," published by Cassell and Co., is the best for your purpose.

D M (Blyth).—No; they have not.

DR P ST.—You have got on the wrong track.

J J ALLEN.—Your problem is not forgotten, but we have so many of the kind that we are not able to keep pace with the supply.

P H JOYNSON.—We are much obliged for your communication.

L DESANGES.—Your problem commencing with Q to R 8th is sadly marred by dual mates.

PROBLEMS RECEIVED, with thanks, from Mrs W J Baird, J Pierce, L Desanges, G Heathcote, and J P Taylor.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2371 and No. 2374 received from Dr ARV Sastry (Mysore); of No. 2378 from Rev J Wills (Barnstable U.S.A.), Monty, A A McCulloch (Montreal); of No. 2379 from Albion (Oldham), E H (Liverpool), W Harvey (Constantinople), W Scott McDonald, J D Tucker (Leeds), A Bruin, O N Gunzberg (Warschau), H Beumann (Berlin), and F Snallwood; of No. 2380 from Albion, C M A B (Surrey), Monty, W Scott McDonald, Trial, F De Lieven, Rev Winfield Cooper, Lieut-Col Lorraine (Brighton), W H Hayton Keston, and Strix (St. Leonards).

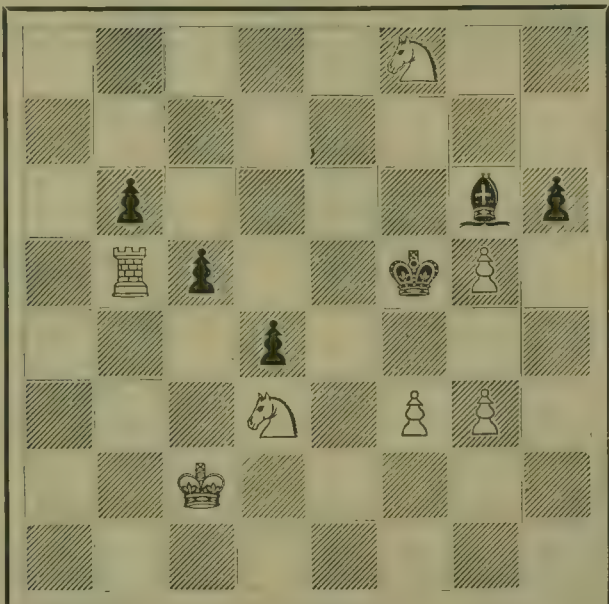
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2381 received from D M (Blyth), Jeff Allen, Bernard Reynolds, E Loudon, Dawn, Mrs Kelly, J D Tucker (Leeds), R Worters (Canterbury), A Bruin, A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), W H D Henvey, E E H, G J Veale, Martin F T G (Ware), J Coad, R H Brooks, J Dixon, Mrs Wilson, Jupiter Junior, Fr Fernando, N Harris, A Newman, T Roberts, W R Rallien, Howard A. E Casella (Paris), R F N Banks, Carslake W Wood, J E Herbert (Ashford), E Rogers, F Smart, and L Desanges.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2379.—By EDWIN ANTHONY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt takes Q P Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2383.

By J. P. TAYLOR.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN CARLISLE.

Game played in the match Newcastle Chess Club v. Cumberland Association, between Messrs. J. BELLMAN and G. C. HEYWOOD.

(Hampé Allgaier Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	or to gain a move, by R to Kt sq, if White play 20. B to Kt 7th.	
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. B takes Kt	B takes B
3. P to B 4th	P takes P	21. B takes B	Q takes B
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	22. Q to R 2nd	K to B sq
5. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th	Reserving B 2nd for his Bishop.	
6. Kt to K Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	23. Kt to B 4th	B to B 2nd
7. P takes B P	K takes Kt	24. Q to R Kt sq	Q to B 3rd
8. P to Q 4th	P to B 6th	25. K to B sq	Kt to K 2nd
Played to avoid "book lines." This move, however, while perfectly satis-factory in the "Allgaier" proper, is inferior to P to Q 3rd in the present "Hampé" form.			
9. B to B 4th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd	26. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd
10. P takes P	B to K 2nd	27. R to B sq	P to B 4th
11. B to K 3rd	B takes P (ch)	28. P to B 4th	K to Q 5th
12. K to K 2nd		29. P to K 5th	P to B 5th
K to Q 2nd is the accredited move here.			
13. Q to K Kt sq	P to Kt 6th	30. Q to R 3rd	R to K sq
14. Q R to K B sq	B to Q 2nd	31. P to B 5th	Kt takes P
15. B to B 4th	B to Kt 4th	32. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
16. Q takes Kt P		33. P to B 6th	Q to K 6th (ch)
If B takes Kt P the game would prob-ably have continued Q to B 3rd; 17. P to B 4th, Q takes Q P; 18. Q takes Q (nest). Kt takes Q (ch); 19. K to Q 3rd, B to B 3rd; 20. P to K 5th, Kt to B 4th; 21. P takes B (ch), Kt takes P; 22. Q R to K Kt sq, followed either by Kt takes B; 23. R takes Kt (ch), B to Kt 5th; or B to K sq, with a passed Pawn ahead, and White's attack exhausted.			
17. K to Q sq	Kt takes P (ch)	40. R to Q Kt 8th	R to K 7th
18. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to K 3rd	41. R to Q Kt 8th	R (B 3rd) to B 7th
B takes Kt, followed by Q R to K Kt sq, was worthy of consideration.			
19. B to Q 5th	P to Kt 4th	42. K to Q sq	R to Q 7th (ch)
To occupy the Q B file, if unmolested;			
20. B to Q 5th	R to Q B sq	43. R takes P	R (B 7th) to K 7th (ch)
And White resigns.			

Mr. J. Pierce wishes us to state that there are a few vacancies in the Game Correspondence Tourney he is now organising. The number of entries is limited to twelve, and the entrance-fee is £1. The full amount of the stakes will be divided among the six competitors with the highest score in proportion to the number of games each has won. There are two rounds; and two games have to be played simultaneously. Address, J. Pierce, Esq., Knollside, Yawl, Lyme Regis, Dorset.

Mr. J. H. Blackburne paid his first visit to Bridgnorth on Thursday, Nov. 21, when he played six blindfold games simultaneously with the same number of members of the Institute Chess Club, winning them all, in his old brilliant style. He seemed in better health than he had been for some time past, and greatly delighted his hosts by his fine performance.

MUSIC.

Again, at the Monday evening Popular Concert of Dec. 2, Miss Fanny Davies was the pianist and Madame Néruda the leading violinist; Miss M. Hall having been the vocalist, and Miss Carmichael the accompanist. At the previous Saturday afternoon concert, Madame De Pachmann appeared for the first time this season, and gave a fine performance of Schubert's pianoforte fantasia sonata in G, Op. 78. Madame B. Moore was the vocalist, and Mr. E. Ford the accompanist. The programme at each of the concerts referred to was devoid of novelty; but, having consisted mostly of works of classical value and sterling interest, was more welcome to real music-lovers than selections in which some of the productions of pretentious and shallow mediocrity are forced into public notice, in association with classical music that, by contrast, makes the worthlessness of the so-called novelties only more conspicuous and intolerable.

The second of Mr. Henschel's new series of the London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall, on Nov. 28, intro-duced two movements from a "Symphonic Fantasy," composed by Herr R. Strauss, a young composer whose productions have lately been warmly praised in his native Germany. That from which extracts were given for the first time in London, at the concert of Nov. 28, belongs to the class styled "pro-gramme-music." It is entitled "Aus Italien," and may be better judged of when heard in its entirety than by the two extracts given on the occasion now referred to. These were labelled "On the Campagna" and "On the Shore at Sorrento." On a single hearing of them there seemed to be more of effort than of attainment of the implied purpose, together with signs of the composer's capacity to produce better results at a maturer age. Other items of the concert consisted of well-known works not calling for specification.

The first Tuesday in Advent was celebrated at St. Paul's Cathedral by a performance of Spohr's "Last Judgment," the finest of his several oratorios. The music has before been given on similar occasions in the same locality as a portion of the service of the evening, Spohr's fine work deriving enhanced sublimity from the sacred surroundings amid which it is given.

That meritorious institution the Highbury Philharmonic Society continued its twelfth season, in the Athenæum, High-bury New Park, on Dec. 2, when Sir Arthur Sullivan's setting of "The Golden Legend" was the work chosen for performance, with full orchestra and chorus, Mr. G. H. Betjemann being the conductor. The society has been and is doing good work in providing efficient performances of high-class music for a large and populous suburb.

A vocal and orchestral concert was recently announced by Herr Bonawitz at the Portman Rooms, being his own com-memoration of his fiftieth birthday. It was well that he undertook the celebration himself, as the occasion might pos-sibly have been overlooked by others. We have before borne testimony to the merits of this gentleman as pianist, composer, and conductor, in all which capacities he appeared in the pro-gramme of the occasion now referred to, extracts from his operas and from his very clever "Requiem" having been among the specimens of his composition.

The third concert of the nineteenth season of the Royal Choral Society (at the Albert Hall) was appropriated to M. Benoit's "Lucifer," which was given by the society last April. It has previously been characterised as bold, and even daring, in its style, and abounding in elaborate orchestral details, these and the choral music being generally the most effective; that for solo voices being mostly declamatory, and therefore largely dependent on the powers of the vocalists in that respect.

The Westminster Orchestral Society was to enter on a new season on Dec. 4 with its fourteenth concert.

Half of the new series of Crystal Palace Saturday Afternoon Concerts is nearly completed. The seventh concert, on Nov. 30, offered no absolute novelty. Sir Arthur Sullivan's cha-racteristic music to "Macbeth" (composed for the Lyceum performance of the tragedy) was a feature. It was given for the first time at the Crystal Palace. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel were the vocalists of the day.

The first of three concerts was given on Nov. 28 at Steinway Hall by Mr. Max Heinrich and Herr Schonberger, when the former as vocalist and the latter as pianist rendered justice to a well-selected programme consisting entirely of music by Schubert. The second concert, on Dec. 5, was appropriated to music by Schumann.

The first of two vocal recitals by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel at Princes' Hall, on Dec. 4, consisted of a varied selection of music, solo and duet, similar in interest to past recitals by the same artists.

The new comic opera—the drama by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the music by Sir Arthur Sullivan—was announced for production at the Savoy Theatre on the evening of Dec. 7, and, of course, can only be spoken of hereafter.

Mr. Frederic Clay, whose death, after a protracted illness, was recently announced, had gained much deserved celebrity by many compositions, chiefly stage music. He possessed a strong feeling for vocal melody, if without that dramatic power which would probably have come with the further experience of a prolonged life. Among his chamber com-positions, his songs "She wandered down the mountain side" and "I'll sing thee songs of Araby" (not to mention others) gained wide popularity. Among his best compositions of a larger kind was his cantata "Lalla Rookh."

Mr. Irving has arranged to give two matinées of "The Dead Heart" on the afternoons of Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 23 and 24. On the evenings of these days the theatre will be closed.

The year's work of the St. Martin's School of Art is on view in the school-room, Castle-street, Long-acre. For a study in oil of a figure Frank Mann has been awarded a national silver medal; and for another in chalk Miss Harriet Sutcliffe receives a bronze medal.

Princess Beatrice opened a bazaar at Silvertown on Nov. 27. The object of the sale of work was to raise £300, in order to remove liabilities incurred at the parish church of St. Mark for several internal changes made for the comfort of the congregation.

The Board of Trade have awarded silver medals for gallantry and humanity to Jean Peruseigt and Jean Chivrac, French Custom-House officers at Bordeaux, who, at great risk to their lives, rescued a fireman belonging to the British steam-ship Vesta, who fell into the Garonne on the night of Oct. 20 last.

Earl Brownlow presided on Nov. 27 at a meeting held at Grantham, in aid of St. Cuthbert's College, Worksp. The speakers included the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of New-castle, the Earl of Scarborough, Earl Manvers, and the Bishops of Lincoln, Southwell, Lichfield, and Ely. Resolutions approving of the scheme for providing middle-class schools in connection with the Church of England were adopted.



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ANCIENT EGYPTIAN FICTION.

A paper was read by Mr. J. Offord jun., at the first meeting of the Royal Society of Literature this session, at their rooms in Delahay-street—the President in the chair—upon “Ancient Egyptian Fiction, as Illustrated by Recent Discovery.” The rapid progress of the translation of Egyptian papyri was well shown by this paper, which, although of considerable length, was occupied only with texts which have not yet been collected in any English work upon ancient Egypt. The stories vary in date from about 4000 B.C. to 300 A.D., and, although many are preserved in a fragmentary state, yet several are of sufficient length to enable a fair appreciation of them to be made, and some are complete. Attention was specially directed to the “Story of Saneha,” because of the recent discovery of the missing introduction to it, and to the “Tale of the Shipwrecked Mariner,” contained in a papyrus at St. Petersburg, and to translations from the Demotic writing. Two fables were given as of Egyptian origin, one being that of “The Lion and the Mouse,” hitherto credited to Æsop, and the other that of “The Stomach and the Members,” attributed to Menenius Agrippa, and a comparison of the incidents of the various stories with folklore elsewhere was introduced to show a minute agreement that could not be accidental.

After some eulogistic remarks from the President upon the contents of the paper, Mr. Gilbert Highton, the secretary, having endorsed the tenour of the said remarks, proceeded to express surprise at the circumstance that though, according to current notions respecting the long period embraced by Egyptian history, some great classical works ought

to have been produced, yet so far as we were aware at present nothing of the kind had been discovered. This, however, was probably attributable to the fact that the Oriental mind seldom advanced beyond a certain standard.

A vote of thanks to the reader terminated the proceedings.

A long-existing wish on the part of those interested in horse-breeding in this country to mark their sense of the eminent services rendered to that cause by Mr. Walter Gilbey is about to find expression in a practical form. A few weeks ago a number of gentlemen formed themselves into a provisional committee to consider in what manner this object could be best attained. Since that time they have been in communication with the leading members of the Shire Horse, Hunters' Improvement, and Hackney Horse Societies, and with many gentlemen of recognised position and authority in the horse-breeding world. The replies which have been received are quite unanimous in their approval and support of the proposal. A further meeting was recently held in London, under the presidency of Mr. Anthony Hamond, when a resolution was adopted to raise a fund forthwith for such a testimonial as may demonstrate to Mr. Gilbey how highly his services have been appreciated. Subscriptions were limited to one guinea. A general committee, comprising the past and present members of the councils of the societies and other noblemen and gentlemen, has been formed, and an executive committee appointed. Mr. A. B. Charlton, secretary of the Hunters' Improvement Society, and Mr. J. Sloughgrove, secretary of the Shire Horse Society, were respectively

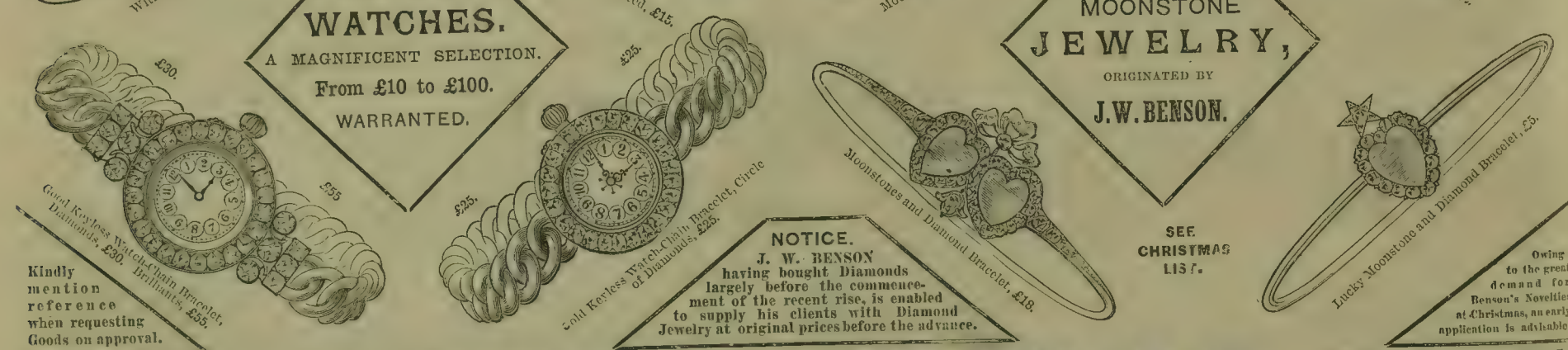
appointed secretary and treasurer to the committee, whose offices are at No. 11, Chandos-street, Cavendish-square, W. Sir Samuel Scott and Co., of Cavendish-square, have consented to receive subscriptions for the fund.

An industrial exhibition, open to all residents in the Holborn Division of Finsbury, has been held in the Townhall. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, accompanied by Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Knill and Mrs. Knill, performed the opening ceremony. There was a second opening, next day, by Mrs. H. W. Lawson, and a third, on the day following, by Mrs. Gainsford Bruce. Mr. Speaight, who organised the exhibition, states that “the enormous number of entries sent in, and the applications received from people living in all parts of London who wished to be allowed to compete, clearly prove that there is ample room for an annual London exhibition, open to all young people living in the Metropolis.”

A deputation from the Worcester Chamber of Commerce waited upon the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce and the Mayor of Birmingham to ask for their support in carrying out the Severn Navigation Scheme, for giving Birmingham communication with the sea. Cardiff had decided to subscribe £500 towards the expenses of passing the Bill, and £5000 towards the working of the scheme; and the Worcester Corporation had voted similar amounts. The total cost of the execution of the works so as to make the river thoroughly navigable was estimated at £25,000. The deputation was informed that the Birmingham City Council had decided not to take part in promoting any scheme of canal communication, but to leave it to private speculation.

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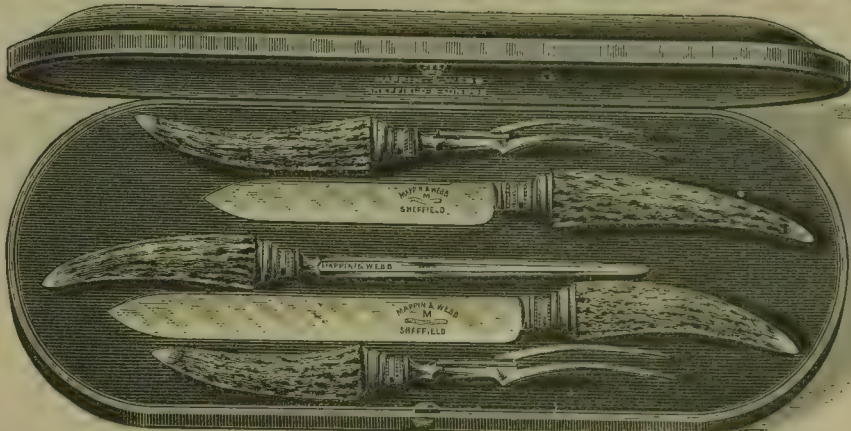
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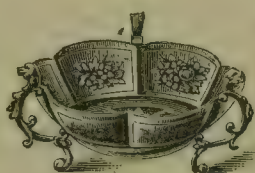
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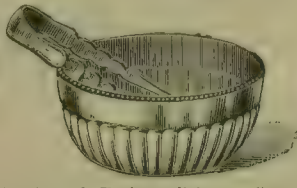
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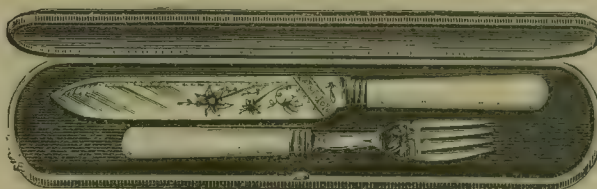
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Dancing days have come round again, and girls have some compensation in pretty frocks and merry evenings for the cold dark weather. The new party gowns for young women are exceedingly pretty. The Empire style is the leading one—not the close sheath-like garment that used to be worn early in the century, but a graceful modification of it. The skirt is made clinging in front without the least drapery; and behind there are only straight full gathers or folds, no loops and bows. The bodice is cut short, with puffed sleeves, reaching about halfway to the elbow only, and has, just above the natural waist, a wide sash either passing quite round the figure or sloping from the under arm-seams so as to be a little narrower at the front than at the sides. The bodice of such a gown is cut round at the top; then it either fits plainly to the figure and is draped round the berthe, or it is laid in full but tiny loose folds from the untrimmed top edge to beneath the sash.

The newest and best style for the skirts is to have them draped with gauze or embroidered muslin so as to show the silk or satin underslip through, not to conceal it. Satin is often used for the slip, as no material looks better than this does gleaming through the thin veil of a delicate fabric. An ideal dress lately seen at a fashionable milliner's "studio" was of Chartreuse green satin made up with an exquisite embroidered mousseline de soie. The front of the bodice was composed of a series of folds of the muslin drawn firmly down

from the round top to beneath the sash of wide ribbon of the same yellowy-green tint as the satin; this sash was tied at the left side of the front, and the ends, which fell nearly to the hem, were caught together at the bottom in large silver cups, forming a kind of tassels. The skirt lay in full pleats, touching the ground at the back, but was quite plain and setting close to the figure in front, where it was covered with a gracefully draped tablier of the embroidered silk muslin, which was held in place at the foot by a deep passementerie of silver oak-leaves. A few of these ornaments separated also appeared at intervals round the berthe, fixing in place the folds of the muslin vest. Another robe was of somewhat similar design, but it was over white satin, and this was covered first with two plain layers of simple white net, and then a pale pink gauze, embroidered with tiny roses, was artistically arranged to drape it in panels. All round the edge of this draping material the embroidered roses were massed close together, and a little foliage was mixed with them, so as altogether to give the effect of a graceful, light, but rich border to the draperies.

Dancing dresses of less magnificence are made in the open-meshed new material called fish-net, with ribbon run back and forward in it round the bottom of the skirt to give the fashionable bordered effect; or of Mechlin net; or of tulle with rows of ribbon run on, and a garniture of flowers. Crêpe de Chine, though rather costly in the first instance, wears well, and makes into most stylish Empire dresses if trimmed with appliqué embroidery round the berthe, puffed sleeves, and hem.

There is a new material called crêpe silk, which has much the same appearance as the real China crêpe, but is much cheaper, and wears even better, no doubt.

Reception dresses for matrons are being made in splendid brocades and in velvet. Black thick silk is damasked with exquisite patterns in red, gold, green, and blue, indescribably mixed and softened. These sumptuous fabrics are used for trains, or for redingote demi-trained backs with fronts of other and softer materials. A fine gown has just been made in black silk brocaded with yellow buttercups, the front of yellow silk, partly veiled with black Chantilly lace, and the wing sleeves lined with yellow. Another seemed to be brocaded with all the hues of the rainbow, but so closely were the flowers of these many tints woven in with the black ground that the effect was in no way obtrusive. The bodice and train in one were of this material, the skirt front of ruby satin trimmed with longitudinal bands of passementerie, in which the prevailing jet was lightened by many carefully introduced coloured beads, like stars in a dark sky. For a young married woman was a pale blue silk brocaded with white velvet flowers, draped with white mousseline de soie scarves edged with real lace. Another had a polonaise back and demi-train, with short sleeves, of white bengaline silk, coming round to the front far enough to fasten with a diamond brooch just beneath the bust, and thence cut away, with something of the effect of a Zouave bodice over an under-bodice and skirt front of palest yellow crêpe de Chine falling in Grecian folds from the shoulder to the waist and

(Concluded on page 744.)

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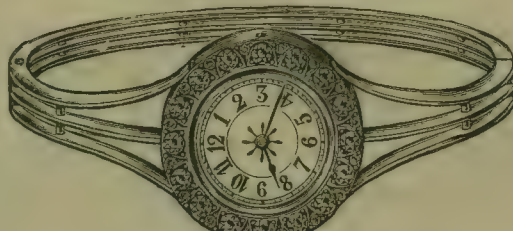


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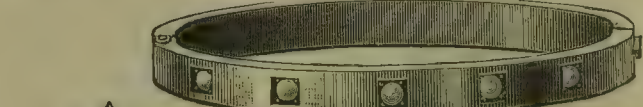
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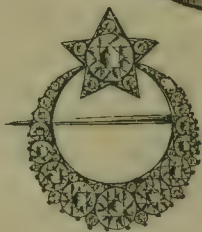
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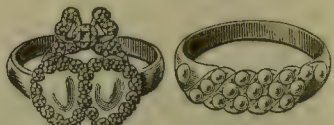
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Class 45, 453 guineas. Class 46, 463 guineas. Class 47, 473 guineas. Class 48, 483 guineas. Class 49, 493 guineas. Class 50, 503 guineas. Class 51, 513 guineas. Class 52, 523 guineas. Class 53, 533 guineas. Class 54, 543 guineas. Class 55, 553 guineas. Class 56, 563 guineas. Class 57, 573 guineas. Class 58, 583 guineas. Class 59, 593 guineas. Class 60, 603 guineas. Class 61, 613 guineas. Class 62, 623 guineas. Class 63, 633 guineas. Class 64, 643 guineas. Class 65, 653 guineas. Class 66, 663 guineas. Class 67, 673 guineas. Class 68, 683 guineas. Class 69, 693 guineas. Class 70, 703 guineas. Class 71, 713 guineas. Class 72, 723 guineas. Class 73, 733 guineas. Class 74, 743 guineas. Class 75, 753 guineas. Class 76, 763 guineas. Class 77, 773 guineas. Class 78, 783 guineas. Class 79, 793 guineas. Class 80, 803 guineas. Class 81, 813 guineas. Class 82, 823 guineas. Class 83, 833 guineas. Class 84, 843 guineas. Class 85, 853 guineas. Class 86, 863 guineas. Class 87, 873 guineas. Class 88, 883 guineas. Class 89, 893 guineas. Class 90, 903 guineas. Class 91, 913 guineas. Class 92, 923 guineas. Class 93, 933 guineas. Class 94, 943 guineas. Class 95, 953 guineas. Class 96, 963 guineas. Class 97, 973 guineas. Class 98, 983 guineas. Class 99, 993 guineas. Class 100, 1003 guineas. Class 101, 1013 guineas. Class 102, 1023 guineas. Class 103, 1033 guineas. Class 104, 1043 guineas. Class 105, 1053 guineas. Class 106, 1063 guineas. Class 107, 1073 guineas. Class 108, 1083 guineas. Class 109, 1093 guineas. Class 110, 1103 guineas. Class 111, 1113 guineas. Class 112, 1123 guineas. Class 113, 1133 guineas. Class 114, 1143 guineas. Class 115, 1153 guineas. Class 116, 1163 guineas. Class 117, 1173 guineas. Class 118, 1183 guineas. Class 119, 1193 guineas. Class 120, 1203 guineas. Class 121, 1213 guineas. Class 122, 1223 guineas. Class 123, 1233 guineas. Class 124, 1243 guineas. Class 125, 1253 guineas. Class 126, 1263 guineas. Class 127, 1273 guineas. Class 128, 1283 guineas. Class 129, 1293 guineas. Class 130, 1303 guineas. Class 131, 1313 guineas. Class 132, 1323 guineas. Class 133, 1333 guineas. Class 134, 1343 guineas. Class 135, 1353 guineas. Class 136, 1363 guineas. Class 137, 1373 guineas. Class 138, 1383 guineas. Class 139, 1393 guineas. Class 140, 1403 guineas. Class 141, 1413 guineas. Class 142, 1423 guineas. Class 143, 1433 guineas. Class 144, 1443 guineas. Class 145, 1453 guineas. Class 146, 1463 guineas. Class 147, 1473 guineas. Class 148, 1483 guineas. Class 149, 1493 guineas. Class 150, 1503 guineas. Class 151, 1513 guineas. Class 152, 1523 guineas. Class 153, 1533 guineas. Class 154, 1543 guineas. Class 155, 1553 guineas. Class 156, 1563 guineas. Class 157, 1573 guineas. Class 158, 1583 guineas. Class 159, 1593 guineas. Class 160, 1603 guineas. Class 161, 1613 guineas. Class 162, 1623 guineas. Class 163, 1633 guineas. Class 164, 1643 guineas. Class 165, 1653 guineas. Class 166, 1663 guineas. Class 167, 1673 guineas. Class 168, 1683 guineas. Class 169, 1693 guineas. Class 170, 1703 guineas. Class 171, 1713 guineas. Class 172, 1723 guineas. Class 173, 1733 guineas. Class 174, 1743 guineas. Class 175, 1753 guineas. Class 176, 1763 guineas. Class 177, 1773 guineas. Class 178, 1783 guineas. Class 179, 1793 guineas. Class 180, 1803 guineas. Class 181, 1813 guineas. Class 182, 1823 guineas. Class 183, 1833 guineas. Class 184, 1843 guineas. Class 185, 1853 guineas. Class 186, 1863 guineas. Class 187, 1873 guineas. Class 188, 1883 guineas. Class 189, 1893 guineas. Class 190, 1903 guineas. Class 191, 1913 guineas. Class 192, 1923 guineas. Class 193, 1933 guineas. Class 194, 1943 guineas. Class 195, 1953 guineas. Class 196, 1963 guineas. Class 197, 1973 guineas. Class 198, 1983 guineas. Class 199, 1993 guineas. Class 200, 2003 guineas. Class 201, 2013 guineas. Class 202, 2023 guineas. Class 203, 2033 guineas. Class 204, 2043 guineas. Class 205, 2053 guineas. Class 206, 2063 guineas. Class 207, 2073 guineas. Class 208, 2083 guineas. Class 209, 2093 guineas. Class 210, 2103 guineas. Class 211, 2113 guineas. Class 212, 2123 guineas. Class 213, 2133 guineas. Class 214, 2143 guineas. Class 215, 2153 guineas. Class 216, 2163 guineas. Class 217, 2173 guineas. Class 218, 2183 guineas. Class 219, 2193 guineas. Class 220, 2203 guineas. Class 221, 2213 guineas. Class 222, 2223 guineas. Class 223, 2233 guineas. Class 224, 2243 guineas. Class 225, 2253 guineas. Class 226, 2263 guineas. Class 227, 2273 guineas. Class 228, 2283 guineas. Class 229, 2293 guineas. Class 230, 2303 guineas. Class 231, 2313 guineas. Class 232, 2323 guineas. Class 233, 2333 guine

thence to the feet, over net of the same tint; the polonaise was edged everywhere with yellow marabout feathers, which also formed a hem in front. This dress was as beautiful as it was original.

If we do little that is great just at present, we at all events show our appreciation of greatness. The latest addition to the several "memorials" that we have recently seen erected in our midst is one of Samuel Richardson, "the father of the modern novel," as he has justly been called. Before Richardson tales were mostly told in plays and in verses; the few prose stories were terse, and even curt. The detailed, lengthy development of a plot, with nothing left to the reader's imagination, nothing merely hinted at, but all that "he said and she said" given verbatim, with further disquisition on what he and she thought at the moment and thereafter—this was the invention, so far as English literature is concerned, of Samuel Richardson. What did the ladies who read so many novels now do before his day? It is as hard to imagine how life went on without novels as it is to realise what it was like without tea. Yet it is quite certain that the damsel of the seventeenth century had neither the one nor the other. Did our romantic ancestresses cogitate, with their feet on the hearth, over such a ballad as that of Sir Gawaine, which tells in a hundred and sixty lines of verse a story as long and as thrilling as a modern three-volume novel, and so manufacture for themselves the details of "he said and she said"?

Every line of the ballad would make a chapter to a vivid fancy. There is King Arthur insulted by the message

brought by a dwarf from the wicked Baron, demanding the King's beard to add to eleven other Monarchs' beards already obtained for the fringe of his mantle—and King Arthur seeking the Baron's castle to punish his impudence, but finding him an enchanter, so that the King only escapes with his life by making a promise that he will return in a month and tell the Baron truly "what all women most desire." Then there is Arthur riding east and west, and getting one reply as to "what all women most desire" from one fair friend and quite another from a second, till, when almost despairing, he meets "a loathly lady" in a wood, who engages to tell him the secret if he will in return find her a handsome young Knight for a husband. The King consents, and hears the secret—"All women most desire to have their wills"—that is, to have their own way; and so Arthur gets rid of the enchanter's toils. But he has next to find the handsome young Knight to marry the "loathly lady," with her nose awry and her eye where her chin should be and her hair of snakes! One after another sees her and rejects her, till at last Sir Gawaine, the King's nephew, "that was ever a gentle Knight," offers himself for the sacrifice, and marries her amid the jeers and pity of his comrades. Then, behold! the loathly lady turns into a brunette beauty; but, sad to relate, can only be so half her time, and Gawaine must choose whether by night or by day she shall be hideous. After some debate, he solves the difficulty by giving her the decision: "My faire ladye," Sir Gawaine said, "I yield me to thy skill; Because thou art my own ladye, Thou shalt do all thy will." Wise Gawaine, to yield her "What all women most desire!" Instantly the spell is broken entirely, and the loathly lady is a fair damsel again, both by night and by day; for the ban was only laid

on her till "some young, fair, and courtly Knight" should not only marry her but "Wolde yelde himself to be rul'd by mee, and let mee have all my wille."

There is as much incident, character, description, satire, worldly wisdom, fancy, everything, in that as in "Clarissa Harlowe," Richardson's masterpiece. But the world that had so long been content with the stern brevity and terseness of the ballad and the play was ready and eager for the detailed long novel. Women followed the fortunes of the dignified, sweet, unhappy "Clarissa"—the noblest heroine ever yet invented by a man—as her story came out in numbers, with all the eagerness that is given to a drama of the law courts to-day. Crowds competed to buy the new parts on the day of publication, and fashionable ladies held up the latest number at the theatre or rout, to show each other that they had secured it. Who reads of poor "Clarissa" to-day? How many of my readers have ever seen, much less perused, the seven volumes that contain the story of her flight, first with and then from her wicked lover, and her ultimate sad death in the bloom of youth and beauty? Richardson's masterpiece is his true monument, and that is almost inaccessible to-day. So perhaps it is as well that a formal memorial should commemorate the grave of the founder of that class of literature which has added so great a pleasure to the lives of women, and in which women have so greatly distinguished themselves as authors.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Lord Monkswell, in the absence of Cardinal Manning, presided on Nov. 30 at a meeting at the Royal Victoria Hall, at which a resolution in favour of obtaining for shop-assistants a twelve-hours day and a weekly half-holiday was carried.

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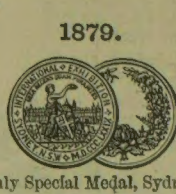
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CONTRACTORS TO H.M. WAR DEPARTMENT AND ADMIRALTY.

FULL-SIZED SECTION OF THE PATENT GOLD MEDAL STEEL BLOCK EUREKA EXTRA LOW BILLIARD CUSHION.

Jeypore House,
Park Village West, N.W.
Oct. 7, 1889.
Messrs. Burroughes and Watts.
Gentlemen,

Having played all last season on your tables fitted with your new patent "Eureka" Steel Block Cushions, I think them much superior to any others I have played on up to the present time, both for extreme lowness, trueness of angle (so difficult to get in low cushions), and solidity, that I wish you to take out the tables in my Rooms, 99, Regent-street, and my City Club, and replace them with tables fitted with your new patent cushions. At the same time prepare me one for this season at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, W.

Yours faithfully (Signed)

John Roberts Junr.

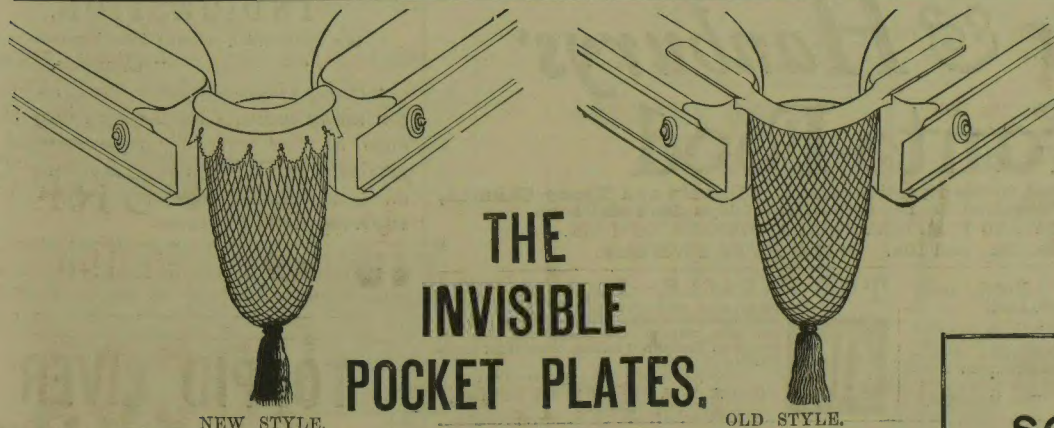
In all Billiard Tables the Cushions are secured to the slate bed of the table by bolts, and the wood block on which the india-rubber is built is glued and screwed to them. It is frequently the case, when such tables have been in use for some time, that the wood shrinks, the glue perishes, the screws become loose, the wood blocks become cracked (through constantly re-clothing the cushions) and make an objectionable booming sound, the speed of the ball is diminished, at the same time coming off at incorrect angles. This patent remedies all these defects. The cushions, on which is fixed the india-rubber, are of solid steel, there is a groove in the side for re-clothing the cushions, which are bolted to the slate bed, and are entirely without noise or vibration, however hard the ball may be struck; and the angles of the cushions, for the CORRECTNESS of which the FIRM have been so famous for OVER FIFTY YEARS, are now truer than ever.

CAN BE FITTED TO ANY TABLE.

During last season Roberts (champion) made his marvellous break (690 spot barred) on a table fitted with these cushions, gaining BURROUGHES AND WATTS' prize of 100 guineas. **THE GREATEST SPOT BARRED BREAK ON RECORD.**

B. & W. have offered a prize of 100 Guineas to J. Roberts, Junr., if he makes a break of 1000 during this season at his Saloon, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, London, W.

BURROUGHES & WATTS' TABLE, FITTED WITH THESE CUSHIONS, GAINED THE GOLD MEDAL AT THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION, 1889.



[This is the only valid Patent existing for Pocket Plates, and can only be obtained from us.]

The Advantages of the Invisible Pocket Plates are as follows:—

- NO METAL FLANGES OR PROJECTIONS TO BECOME LOOSE.
- NO METAL TO CATCH FINGERS, CUFFS, OR WATCH CHAIN.
- A BETTER DEFINED OUTLINE TO THE POCKET, ENSURING GREATER PRECISION IN PLAY.
- AN UNIMPEDED STROKE FROM SURFACE OF CUSHION.

Have been pronounced by the Players and Public a great Boon, and are fitted to all our Tables at no Extra Charge.

SOLE MAKERS of ROBERTS JUN. CHAMPION CUES, REGISTERED, 21s.

The New Patent Steel-Jointed Cue, with five extra Ivory Tips, invaluable for those travelling. Can be packed in portmanteau, or strapped up with your sticks or umbrella. From 12s. 6d. The registered Sighting Angle improves your game 20 in 100, price 1s. The Patent Bridge for playing the Spot, price 1s.

SOLE PATENTEES AND MANUFACTURERS.

Billiard Cue—Showing Ball being struck without elevating the Butt end.

Groove in Solid Steel, in which Cloth is held covering Cushion, formerly in wooden block.

Screw fastening the Block, to which is secured the India Rubber.

"Eureka" cold resisting Cushion, firmly bedded to steel block, giving the greatest resistance without the slightest vibration.

THE NEW ETIOLATED AND ANNEALED SOLID IVORY BILLIARD BALL
As used by J. ROBERTS, Junr., In all his MATCHES.

BOLT SCREWING FRAME TO STEEL BLOCK

STEEL BLOCK TO SLATE BED

Slate Bed of Billiard Table.

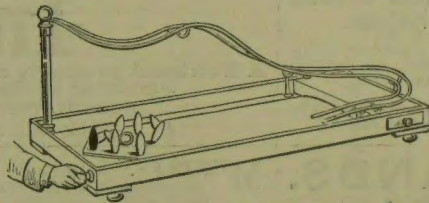
Wood Slip to which Bed Cloth is strained.

Side of Billiard Table.

SWITCHBACK SKITTLES.

PATENTED IN ALL COUNTRIES.

THE NEW GAME FOR 1890.



Can be used on any Table. Six Games can be played.

German Skittles, Nine Pins, Four Pins, Nomination Game, The Game of 45, and American Bowls.

Price complete, £5. 5s.

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"ETIOLATED ANNEALED" (Regd.)

SOLID IVORY BILLIARD BALLS.

It is a well-known fact that good, even-weighted, and true-centred Billiard Balls are rarely found in any Billiard Rooms. Scientific Billiards as played by John Roberts, Junr. (champion), the leading professional, and many of our best amateurs, could not be played with such precision without true balls. Messrs. BURROUGHES and WATTS have discovered a process of "ETIOLATING AND ANNEALING" IVORY, so that they are now enabled to produce a ball of a pearly whiteness and of a hardened surface, which they venture to think is the most perfect ball ever yet introduced to the billiard-playing public. The new Etiolated and Annealed Solid Ivory Billiard Ball (registered) can only be obtained of—

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Messrs. Burroughes and Watts.

Jeypore House, Park Village West, N.W., Oct. 7, 1889.

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Yours faithfully (Signed).

John Roberts Junr.

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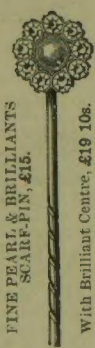
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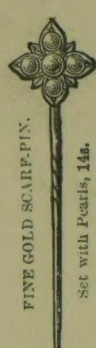
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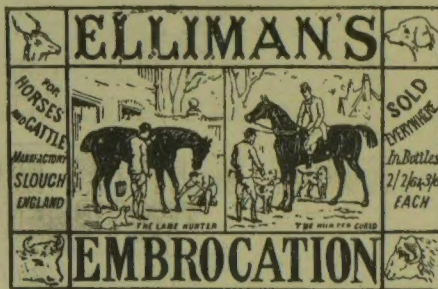
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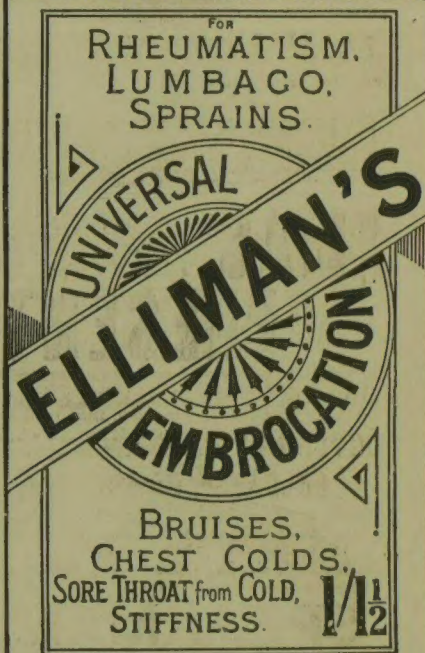


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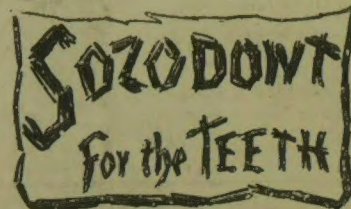
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